

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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the Post Office at Newport, R. I.,  
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Established June 1768, and is now in  
its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is  
the oldest newspaper in the Union, and  
with less than half a dozen exceptions,  
the oldest printed in the English lan-  
guage. It is a large quarto weekly of  
forty-eight columns filled with interest-  
ing reading—editorial, State, local and  
general news, well selected miscellany  
and valuable farmers' and household de-  
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publication. Specimen copies sent free and special  
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the publishers.

## Local Matters.

### MERCHANTS' DINNER

The second annual merchants' forum  
and banquet by the Newport Chamber  
of Commerce was held at the Army  
& Navy Y. M. C. A. under the direction  
of the Retail Trade committee,  
of which Mr. Alexander J. MacIver  
is the chairman. The dinner was an  
excellent one and the attendance was  
very gratifying, there being about  
200 persons present. Some excellent  
addresses were delivered by speakers  
of experience along the lines of munici-  
pal development.

President John J. Conron presided  
and spoke of the loss to the city by  
the curtailment of the Training Sta-  
tion, and said that the merchants  
should not be discouraged but should  
turn their attention to developing  
the resources of the city to the full-  
est extent. Mr. W. R. Mattison told  
of the signs of returning prosperity  
all over the country and said that  
great activity was predicted for New  
England for the spring and summer  
of 1922, but he believed that some  
small concerns would suffer during  
the winter. He said that the rise in  
the stock market ought to hold much  
promise for Newport.

Mr. S. Wales Dickson of the Play-  
grounds Association of America spoke  
along the lines of municipal recrea-  
tion, paying especial attention to the  
possibility of a municipal golf course.  
The Rocky Farm tract was recom-  
mended as an excellent site for such a  
course and the expense was estimated  
at some \$50,000, but not all of this  
need be spent at one time. Supervisor  
Leland followed with an explanation  
and stereopticon view of the proposed  
layout of the golf course.

Secretary W. C. Campbell of the  
Chamber of Commerce read a paper  
showing what other cities have been  
doing to develop their communities,  
and Mr. H. A. Titus also spoke.

Although the annual roll call and  
drive for membership in the New-  
port Chapter of the Red Cross has  
been continued beyond the original  
date set for closing, the response has  
not been up to the hopes and expec-  
tations of the managers. It is hoped  
that many more Newporters may see  
fit to renew their memberships this  
week.

Newport is well represented at  
Miami this winter, a number of local  
business men having gone South to  
spend several months. There are  
also several Newporters in Charles-  
ton, where they expect to do business  
with the men of the destroyer fleet  
which was here this summer.

The annual Memorial Service by  
Newport Lodge of Elks will be held  
at the Newport Opera House on Sun-  
day afternoon, under the direction  
of the officers of the Lodge. The oration  
will be delivered by Mr. John H.  
O'Brien of Worcester, who is said to  
be a very able speaker.

The plant and vessels of the New-  
port Fisheries and Cold Storage  
Company were sold at auction on  
Thursday, the purchaser being Her-  
bert E. Smith of Gloucester, for \$1000,  
in addition to assuming the debts of  
the company that has been operating  
the plant.

The fire department and building de-  
partment of Newport have made in-  
spections of the garages to see that  
they complied with the provisions of  
the building law, which became ef-  
fective last month.

### VICTIM OF SUBMARINE

Chief Commissary Steward John  
Francis Murphy, U. S. N., a Newport  
boy, died at the Government hospital  
at Los Animas, Col., late last week  
and the remains were brought to  
this city for interment, funeral ser-  
vices being held on Thursday. His  
death was a direct result of the World  
War, as he contracted disease in a  
German prison camp from which he  
never recovered.

Mr. Murphy was a member of the  
crew of the United States destroyer  
German submarine during the war.  
Nothing was heard from the crew  
for many months, and it was sup-  
posed that all went down with their  
vessel. It was later learned, how-  
ever, that Murphy and another mem-  
ber of the crew were taken on board  
the submarine that sank the destroy-  
er and were confined in a German  
prison camp. Murphy was subse-  
quently released and afterward paid  
a visit to his mother in Newport, be-  
ing hailed as one returned from the  
grave. His treatment while a pris-  
oner developed a disease which made  
rapid progress and he was soon  
placed on the retired list of the Navy  
and was sent to the hospital at Los  
Animas for treatment. His death oc-  
curred on Friday of last week.

Mr. Murphy was a son of Mrs.  
Julia and the late John F. Murphy,  
the family residing on Evans street.  
Beside his mother, he is survived  
by two brothers and two sisters. He  
was a fine specimen of the young  
American sailor, and was highly  
esteemed by all who knew him.  
Funeral services were held on  
Thursday, the remains being escort-  
ed from his mother's home to St.  
Joseph's Church by a naval detail and  
by representatives of the Veteran or-  
ganizations here. The interment was  
in St. Columba's Cemetery.

### PRICE MENTIONED DOUBTED

There have been many reports in  
the papers and elsewhere of the sale  
of the late Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks'  
property, at the lower end of Belle-  
vue avenue, to Mr. and Mrs. John  
Aspengren, of New York, and the  
price paid is reported at \$75,000.00.  
No deeds have yet been filed for  
record at the City Hall, so there is  
no way of verifying these reports.  
The price mentioned for the property  
is so very small that few believe it to  
be the correct figure. It is known  
that this property has been in the  
market since the death of Mrs.  
Brooks, but the price at which it  
was offered was so much larger than  
the reported price that these figures  
seem very doubtful. This valuable  
property once belonged to the late  
Gardner Brewer, of Boston, and when  
sold by his estate the land itself cost  
\$400,000.00. The buildings and im-  
provements amounted to some \$200,-  
000.00. The place is taxed this year  
at \$218,099.00 for the land and \$175,-  
000.00 for the buildings and improve-  
ments, making the total tax on this  
property \$393,099.00. It is hardly to  
be supposed that the heirs of Mrs.  
Brooks, who are Reginald Brooks,  
Mrs. E. V. R. Thayer and Mrs. John  
R. Livermore, all of Massachusetts,  
would sacrifice such valuable prop-  
erty for so small a sum.

The drive to raise a fund for the  
local Y. M. C. A., in order to meet an  
accumulated deficit, etc., has made  
good progress this week, the sum  
aimed at being \$7500. The workers  
have been carefully organized under  
the direction of Dr. Norman M. Mac-  
Leod, and final reports from the vari-  
ous team captains were due to be  
presented at the closing dinner at the  
Association rooms on Friday evening.

St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. &  
A. M., will have a Past Masters'  
night next Wednesday evening, when  
the chairs will be filled by former  
Masters of the Lodge, with R. W.  
William B. Scott acting as Master.  
It is expected that the Grand Master  
of Masons of Rhode Island, M. W.  
Joseph Lawton, will make a visitation  
to St. John's Lodge on that evening.

Peter Rizer of 47 Thames street  
was hurried to the Newport Hospital  
early Wednesday morning suffer-  
ing from gas poisoning. After treat-  
ment, he was discharged as cured  
later in the day. A sister was also  
affected by the gas, but responded to  
treatment at home. The accident was  
occasioned by a broken gas jet.

A number of trees have been plant-  
ed on Bath Road on the easterly side  
of Rhode Island avenue in compli-  
ance with the adopted plan for widen-  
ing and improving that thoroughfare.

Mrs. Guy Norman of this city, it is  
reported, will spend the winter in  
Cannes, France, the guest of Mr. and  
Mrs. Bryce Allen of Boston.

### SCHOOL DEPARTMENT BUDGET

The sub-committee on Schools of the  
Committee of 25 met with represen-  
tatives of the school committee on  
Thursday evening to consider the  
needs of the schools in the coming  
year. Chairman Thomas B. Congdon  
of the school committee, who is also  
chairman of the representative  
council, presented the budget as pro-  
posed by the school committee, show-  
ing a need of \$279,211 from the city.  
He said that this amount would not  
be adequate, but that the committee  
had pared down the expenses as far  
as possible because of the financial  
condition of the city. He went on  
to show that the expenses of the  
school department in Newport were  
not as large as in other places, stat-  
ing that on an average the school ex-  
pense required one-third of the in-  
come of a city, while in Newport it is  
only one-quarter.

Various questions were asked by  
the members of the sub-committee,  
but the meeting was wholly free from  
friction. Mr. Powell desired to know  
if the appropriation asked for would  
maintain the buildings without seri-  
ous deterioration and was informed  
that the department could get by on  
the amount asked for. He suggested  
a consideration of fire insurance on  
the school property under a blanket  
policy at comparatively small ex-  
pense.

### FALL FROM BRIDGE

There was a peculiar accident on  
the Van Zandt avenue bridge last  
Saturday afternoon, when a delivery  
auto belonging to Rooney's market  
skidded and crashed through the  
rail into a small nursery, carrying  
with it several of the heavy capstones  
of the bridge. The driver went over  
with the car but fortunately escaped  
injury.

The accident occurred during the  
heavy rain which made the roadway  
very slippery. The car was driven  
by William Gustafson, and had  
crossed the bridge before the ma-  
chine began to skid. Then the car  
passed beyond his control, and  
crashed through the rail, the rear  
end going down first. The machine  
was not seriously damaged, but the  
expense of repairing the bridge will  
be considerable and several young  
trees in the nursery were broken off.  
Much difficulty was experienced in  
getting the truck back on to the road-  
way.

Although the last few days have  
been decidedly pleasant, Newport was  
treated to a very disagreeable spell  
during the early part of the week,  
although as usual we escaped much  
of the damage that was done to com-  
munities only a few miles north of  
us. The rainfall here was heavy at  
times, and the wind blew with great  
force, but no damage of any account  
was done. In the northern part of  
the State and in Massachusetts, the  
storm took the form of snow, rain  
and sleet, which froze as it fell. Im-  
mense damage was done to wires  
and poles all through New England.

Another ocean-going steamer has  
been in Newport harbor for coal this  
week, the latest visitor being the  
Shipping Board steamer Lake Zalsinski  
from New Orleans to Boston with a  
cargo of sugar. Because of the heavy  
seas running, even inside the Bay,  
the job of coaling her was no slight  
task.

The Newport Coal Company has  
lost a large load of soft coal in the  
sinking of the barge Worcester off  
the New Jersey coast this week. The  
barge was bound from Norfolk to  
Newport with a cargo of New River  
coal. The loss is covered by insur-  
ance.

Representative Henry K. Little-  
field of Block Island, better known to  
thousands of friends scattered all  
over the country as "Kit" Littlefield,  
has been appointed a member of the  
State Pilot Commission to succeed the  
late Darius P. Dodge of Block Island.

Mr. William S. Slocum observed the  
eighty-second anniversary of his birth  
at his home in Middletown on Fri-  
day of last week. In the evening he  
was very agreeably surprised by a  
visit from a number of his comrades  
in Lawton-Warren Post.

Next Monday will be the eighty-  
eighth birthday of Mr. Edmund  
White. Mr. White continues to re-  
side in the house on Brinley street  
where he has lived for many years.

Anton Christensen has purchased  
the cigar and stationery business of  
Harry D. Wood on Broadway.

Three weeks from next Sunday will  
be Christmas. It will soon be too late  
to do your shopping early.

### CAPT. EUGENE S. HUGHES

Mr. Eugene S. Hughes, for sev-  
eral years superintendent of parks of  
the City of Newport, and long con-  
nected with the Newport fire depart-  
ment in various capacities, died at  
the Newport Hospital on Tuesday  
after a comparatively short illness.  
His unexpected death came as a  
great shock to his many friends  
throughout the city.

Mr. Hughes joined the fire depart-  
ment many years ago, and was long  
connected with the old Sixes, which  
had a house on lower Thames street,  
serving for a considerable time as  
foreman of the Company. On the re-  
organization of the fire department,  
he was transferred to the No. 2 sta-  
tion on Young street and was made  
Captain of that Company, comprising  
three pieces of apparatus. Some  
three years ago he tendered his re-  
signation as a member of the perma-  
nent fire department, and at the next  
election was a candidate for the office  
of Chief Engineer, being defeated by  
Chief Kirwin.

Mr. Hughes was of a quiet dispo-  
sition, but was sincere and deter-  
mined in whatever he undertook. He  
was a gardener by profession, and  
had served for a number of years as  
a member of the representative coun-  
cil. He is survived by his mother  
and one sister, Miss Catherine P.  
Hughes, and three brothers, Messrs.  
James P., John F. and Frank J.  
Hughes, the last being president of  
the board of aldermen.

### MISS SARAH T. HAMMETT

Miss Sarah T. Hammett died at her  
home on School street on Wednesday,  
after having been in poor health for  
a considerable time. She was re-  
cently compelled to relinquish her  
duties as secretary of the Home for  
Friendless Children because of ill  
health, but her death was unexpected,  
being due to an attack of apoplexy.

Miss Hammett was a daughter of  
the late James H. and Elizabeth  
(Tilley) Hammett and was born in  
Newport nearly seventy-two years  
ago. She was one of the older mem-  
bers of the United Congregational  
Church, taking an active part in the  
work of the Church and Sunday  
School. She was for many years  
secretary of the Home for Friendless  
Children, thus being in close touch  
with all the activities of the Home,  
and was closely identified with many  
other religious and charitable orga-  
nizations.

She is survived by two brothers,  
Messrs. Fred M. and Lincoln Ham-  
mett, and one sister, Miss Louise D.  
Hammett.

### RICHARD JACKSON BARKER

Mr. Richard Jackson Barker of Tiv-  
erton, a prominent business man of  
Fall River, died quite suddenly at a  
Fall River Hospital on Monday. He  
was born in Tiverton in 1849, and al-  
though his business interests ex-  
tended far beyond the borders of the  
town he maintained his residence in  
the place of his birth. He was treas-  
urer of the Barker Lumber Com-  
pany of Fall River, and was also the  
founder and the first president of the  
Warren Loan and Trust Company. He  
was regarded as one of the leading  
business men of Fall River.

Mr. Barker married a sister of Mr.  
George R. Lawton of Tiverton, who  
survives him. He also leaves a son,  
Richard Jackson Barker, Jr. Mr.  
Barker is very well known in New-  
port, as well as in other parts of the  
State, having long been active in pa-  
triotic and benevolent work.

Judge Hugh B. Baker has been ap-  
pointed permanent receiver for  
Charles Tobak and Max Zeiske, doing  
business as the Newport Dairy Com-  
pany, and the partnership has been  
dissolved by order of the Superior  
Court. The property will be sold at  
auction for the benefit of the cred-  
itors on December 17.

Senator Max Levy is the head of  
a committee of Jewish citizens of  
Newport who will take part in the  
nation-wide drive to raise a fund of  
\$14,000,000 for the relief of suffer-  
ing among the Jews of Europe. The  
local drive will take place during the  
week of December 11.

Mr. and Mrs. John Aspengren have  
been in Newport this week to look  
over their new property, the H. Mor-  
timer Brooks estate, and make plans  
for its development.

William P. Ennis, a grandson of  
General William Ennis of this city,  
has been appointed as a candidate  
to take the entrance examinations for  
West Point.

Mr. A. Livingston Mason has been  
spending a few days in Newport to  
inspect his property on Halidon Hill

### SUPERIOR COURT

The December session of the Su-  
perior Court for Newport County will  
open in this city on Monday. The  
docket of cases assigned for trial at  
this session is not as long as at the  
October term, but the session may be  
prolonged nevertheless.

The following new divorce cases  
are on the docket:

Esther C. Drake vs. Lloyd Jesse  
Drake.

Lilla McQuaid vs. William Albert  
McQuaid.

Beulah Stewart vs. Ernest E. Stew-  
art.

Julia Mary Eccleston vs. Henry  
Frank Eccleston.

Maria Jacintha Brazil vs. Antonio  
Brazil.

Arline R. Browe vs. Joseph L.  
Drowe.

Anna Bowler Kelley vs. Joseph Ar-  
thur Kelley.

Agnes K. Smith vs. Herbert C.  
Smith.

Olive L. Nash vs. Roxford A. Nash.  
Madeline R. Haddock vs. Earl Haddock.

Alice Monroe Burnham Gray vs.  
Austin Gray.

Benjamin Barker vs. Laura M.  
Barker.

William B. Smith vs. Jessie A.  
Smith.

Sadie E. Owens vs. James Henry  
Owens.

Oliver H. Terpenning vs. Marion  
McK. Terpenning.

Pearl H. Johnston vs. Thomas L.  
Johnston.

Laura J. Thomas vs. Harry Thomas.  
Mary L. Callaway vs. Walter Call-  
away.

Helen F. Cardinal vs. Henry J. Car-  
dinal.

Florence D. Bailey vs. Edward J.  
Bailey.

Anna D. Grady vs. Timothy F.  
Grady.

Mary Virginia Neiberger vs. Jacob  
Neiberger.

Lavinia Ash vs. Abraham L. Ash.

### MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

#### Aquidneck Grange Meeting

The meeting of Aquidneck Grange,  
which was postponed from the regu-  
lar meeting night on account of the  
holiday, was held at the town hall  
on Monday evening with a good at-  
tendance.

Five applications for membership  
were received and four applicants  
were balloted upon.

Mr. Robert Purcell gave a report of  
the dance which was held two weeks  
ago which showed a balance of \$16;  
Mrs. Pascal M. Conley, chairman of  
the Feast committee for the Pomona  
supper reported \$15 cleared above  
expenses.

The matter of dancing, which is to  
be brought up before the State  
Grange, was spoken of by Worthy  
Master Russell M. Peckham, and was  
discussed at length by Mr. and Mrs.  
B. W. H. Peckham, Mr. Charles S.  
Plummer and Mr. Howard R. Peck-  
ham. It was voted that the Master  
report the sentiment of Aquidneck  
Grange as on a 50-50 basis, half the  
time to be devoted to entertainments  
and half the time to dancing.

A chafing-dish supper was served  
in charge of the Feast committee,  
Mrs. Lewis E. Manchester and Mrs.  
Julian N. Johnson. Ten small tables  
were presided over by the follow-  
ing ladies: Mrs. James R. Chase, 2d,  
Mrs. George Frye, Mrs. Pascal M.  
Conley, Mrs. Fred P. Webster, Mrs.  
Robert Purcell, Mrs. Henry DeBlois,  
Mrs. John R. Austin, Mrs. Howard  
R. Peckham, Mrs. Henry St. Clair and  
Mrs. William G. Albro. A number  
of young ladies assisted in serving.

Red bunny was served, which was  
made by Mrs. St. Clair and Miss Ida  
St. Clair. Coffee was served by  
Messrs. Robert E. Grinnell, William  
Christiansen, Howard R. Peckham  
and Charles S. Plummer.

General dancing followed, Messrs.  
Frank Corcoran and William Chris-  
tiansen furnished music.

The P. M. Club gave the second  
in a series of whists in Holy Cross  
Guild House on Tuesday evening. The  
proceeds will be used for Sunshine  
work.

The pageant which was to have  
been given last Sunday evening at  
the Methodist Episcopal Church was  
postponed, owing to the weather.

A corn cob smoker was given last  
Wednesday evening at the Holy Cross  
parish house by the Men's Community  
Club of St. Mary's and Holy Cross  
parishes.

Mr. Floyd Austin has been visit-  
ing in Camden, N. J.

A large raccoon was shot in Al-  
bro's woods on Mitchell's Lane last  
Saturday by Mr. Edward Sutton.  
These animals are very uncommon  
around here, but this is the second  
one to be killed here recently. The  
one shot by Mr. Sutton was reported  
as weighing 45 pounds, and when  
served as a Sunday dinner was de-  
scribed as "sure some treat." The  
other raccoon was reported as a large  
one, but its weight was not given.

Mr. Kenneth Towle has returned to  
his home here after spending a week  
with relatives in Boston.

Mrs. Restcom S. Peckham enter-  
tained the Paradise Club at her home  
on Wednesday. The meeting was in  
charge of Mrs. Julian F. Peckham,  
the subject being "Around the World  
with the Salvation Army."

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Goodchild  
and family have returned to their  
home in Springfield, Mass., after  
spending a few days with Mrs. Good-  
child's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benja-  
min W. H. Peckham.

The annual Christmas sale of the  
Methodist Episcopal Church was given

on Thursday evening at the church  
parlors. The affair was under the  
auspices of the Epworth League.  
Fancy and domestic articles, home-  
made cakes and candy were on sale.  
A chowder supper was served under  
the direction of Mrs. John H. Peck-  
ham, chairman of the supper com-  
mittee, assisted by Mrs. Edward E.  
Peckham and Mrs. George H. Irish.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Chase are re-  
ceiving congratulations upon the birth  
of a daughter at the Newport Hos-  
pital.

Miss Evelyn Woodman of Nova  
Scotia has concluded her visit with  
her cousin, Mrs. Arthur Barker, and  
has gone to Providence, where she  
has begun a course of training as a  
nurse in the Rhode Island Hospital.

There was no meeting of the Wo-  
man's Home Missionary Society of the  
Methodist Episcopal Church on Tues-  
day, owing to the storm.

The marriage of Miss Jennie L.  
Cardosa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.  
Joseph L. Cardosa of this town, to  
Mr. John F. Silveira of Little Com-  
pton, took place at St. Joseph's Church  
recently. The young couple will re-  
side in Little Compton.

Mr. Charles Peckham was surprised  
recently by the presentation of the  
ebony gold-headed cane, which was  
sent by the Boston Post in August,  
1909. It was sent to the town coun-  
cil to be presented to the oldest male  
citizen of the town and passed on.  
Those who have already held the  
cane are Benjamin Wyatt 1909-1910,  
Elisha Clarke Peckham 1910-1916,  
Edward Corey 1916-1918, William  
Wyatt Peckham 1918-1920.

Mr. Charles Peckham is nearly 86  
years of age, and has been promi-  
nent in the town's business and is  
a member of the Methodist Episcopal  
Church. Mr. Peckham married Mel-  
inda Peckham in 1858, and they cel-  
ebrated their golden wedding in 1909.

### PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

#### Death of Rev. Robert Bachman

Rev. Robert Bachman, who died  
in a New York hospital on Monday,  
following an operation, was the rector  
of St. Paul's Church of this town  
for two years. He was born in Rock-  
wood, Tenn., and graduated from  
Princeton College. He was ordained  
to the ministry by Bishop Greer of  
New York, and served at St. Paul's  
Church for two years, going from  
here to Great Barrington, Mass. He  
had been rector of St. James Church  
at that place for the past three years.  
The funeral was held there on Thurs-  
day afternoon and the body was taken  
to Utica, N. Y., for interment. A  
Memorial service was held on Thurs-  
day morning at 10 o'clock at St. Paul's  
Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Jackson  
have returned from a honeymoon  
spent in New York, Philadelphia and  
other cities. The happy couple will  
make their home for the present with  
the bride's mother, Mrs. Addie Nor-  
thrup, and brother, Mr. Herbert Hall,  
on Union Street. Mr. Jackson is em-  
ployed at the Army and Navy Y. M.  
C. A.

Mr. Charles S. Plummer, Jr., who  
has been spending a few days with  
his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S.  
Plummer, has returned to New York,  
where he is on the staff of the Metro-  
politan Magazine.

Mr. Clarence Lamb of Deal Beach,  
N. J., was guest recently of Mr. and  
Mrs. Charles G. Clarke. Mr. Lamb  
has just returned from an automobile  
trip to Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. James Austin Peck-  
ham, who have been guests of Mr.  
and Mrs. Jethro J. Peckham, have re-  
turned to their homes in Wellesey.

Mrs. N. Horace Peckham, who has  
been spending several weeks with  
Miss Fanny Arnold, at Lazy Lawn,  
has returned to her home in this  
town.

Mr. Charles G. Clarke, who has been  
ill, is much improved as to be able  
to be out and about his occupation  
again.

Mrs. Annie H. Carter is in Tiver-  
ton where she is caring for a patient.

#### Annual Meeting of Aquidneck Chapter

The annual meeting of Aquidneck  
Chapter, No. 9, Royal Arch Masons,  
was held on Monday evening at Eu-  
reka Hall. The officers were installed  
by Excellent Companion Arthur A.  
Sherman, acting Grand High Priest,  
assisted by Excellent Companion Wm.  
B. Anthony, acting Master of Cere-  
monies. The officers elected and ap-  
pointed are as follows:

High Priest—Alfred C. Hall.  
King—Benjamin B. Barker, Jr.  
Scribe—David P. Hedley.  
Secretary—Charles E. Thomas.  
Treasurer—Henry C. Anthony.  
Chaplain—Frank J. Thomas.  
Captain of the Host—J. H. Peck-  
ham.

Principal Sojourner—Daniel Row-  
ker.

Royal Arch Captain—Ernest C.  
Cross.

Master of the Third Veil—Gordon  
McDonald.

Master of the Second Veil—Martin  
King.

Master of the First Veil—Levi Ib-  
bottson.

Sentinel—Charles G. Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Carr have  
moved from their former home at  
Mr. Patrick Murphy's house on Bran-  
man's Lane, to their new home at  
the corner of Braman's Lane and  
East Main Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray are hav-  
ing electric lights installed in their  
home.

Miss Elizabeth B. Harrington of  
Fall River and Mr. Joseph Sullivan  
of this town were united in marriage  
recently at St. Anthony's Church.



# The GIRL HORSE AND A DOG

By  
FRANCIS LYNDE

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## SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, made his share of the estate, valued at something like \$100,000, lie in a "safe repository," a little, and long, and described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a plebeian horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regarded the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

**CHAPTER II.**—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow-traveler a story having to do with a flooded mine.

**CHAPTER III.**—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while, his idea finally centering on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow-traveler was a mining engineer, Charles Bullerton. Bullerton refused him information, but from other sources Stanford learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville, in the Red desert.

**CHAPTER IV.**—On the station platform at Atropia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appear to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angels. There he finds that Atropia was originally Placerville, his destination. Unable to secure a conveyance at once to take him to Placerville, Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Bensley, that he is slightly demented.

## CHAPTER V.

### The Magic Trail.

To be stopped before I could reach my goal was no part of my plan, so I opened things up and gave the little three-wheeled dinky all the gas it could use, keeping a sharp lookout ahead, and meaning to pull up a little way short of the graveyard city, abandoning the car and making the actual approach on foot.

Judging from the way the scenery was racing backward, I estimated that the little car must be doing at least thirty miles to the hour; which meant forty minutes or such a matter, to cover the twenty-one miles. If opposing train or trains, whatever they might be, would only keep out of my way for those precious forty minutes.

I pushed the small motor to its limit and was getting along beautifully until suddenly, on a grade that was a bit steeper than usual, the popping exhaust quit short off, the engine slowed down, and the car, squeaking and grinding, came to a stand on a low embankment between two of the hill cuttings.

There wasn't anything very complicated about the little motor, and I soon discovered that a broken ignition wire was what had killed it. Happily, there was a small toolbox under the seat, and in the kit there was a pair of pliers. But sometimes—and this was one of them—a bit of material is as important as the tools to work with. The broken wire was too short to couple up again, and there wasn't an inch of spare wire to be found in the kit.

They say that necessity is the mother of invention; but I'll defy anybody to invent a piece of wire to the middle of the Great Sahara desert. Every minute I was expecting to hear the rumble and roar of a train.

In this extremity it was a little desert zephyr that gave me the great idea. A gentle breeze came sighing up the draw from some overheated area out beyond, and finding no trees on the barren hills, it sang its little song in the thickly clustering telegraph wires on the poles. Why, sure! I said to myself; here was my wire—miles and miles of it. All I had to do was to climb up and get it.

Gentle reader, I wonder if you've ever tried to climb a telegraph pole without the contrivances that a line-man buckles upon his feet? If you haven't, the advice of this amateur is—don't. Half a dozen times I shinned up to perhaps the height of a man's head, only to come sliding down again on a run. At last, by a series of inch-long I contrived to get within arms-reach of the lowest crosspiece. Pliers in hand, I strained for the nearest wire, propped it, and began to twist it back and forth to break it.

Not to let me miss any of the thrills, it was at the precise instant of the wire-breaking that my straining ears caught the sound they had been listening for; a far-away, drumming rumble, that seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Then, out of the same indefinite circumstance came a warning that was still more unmistakable—the long-drawn blast of a locomotive whistle.

I didn't climb down that pole; I came down like the time-ball on the flagstaff in Washington at high noon. Moreover, I struck the ground running, as one might say. All thoughts of tinkering that confounded motor had vanished and my one great object in life was to get the car off the track before a worse thing should happen. I was doing fairly well with the lifting and tugging when the enemy bore in sight less than five hundred yards away. And that wasn't all, either. At precisely the same instant, as if it had been timed by the same mechanism that had brought the freight train, here came a wild engine around the curve in the opposite direction, with its whistle valve held open and making a racket to wake the dead. The be-reft motor-car riders had found a lo-

comotive somewhere and were chasing me.

One mud heave at the stranded gasoline car, a mighty boost that got all but one wheel of it in the clear, and I was gone—straking it like a jack-rabbit for the tall timber—only there wasn't a stick of timber nearer than the slopes of the backgrounding mountains.

One glance over my shoulder as I fled showed me what I was in for; that the story was to be immediately continued in our next. Both engines tried to stop; did stop in time to avert the greater catastrophe. Three or four men jumped from the freight and two from the wild engine to come tearing after me. I fancied I could give them their money's worth at that game—being in pretty fair training—so I pitched out to try to turn the hypothetical theory into a condition.

It was a great race. Through one gap and into another we went, making figure eights around the hills and back again, dodging into new raylines and out of them into others, circling among great sandstone boulders that took all sorts of weird shapes in the passing glimpse.

I don't know just how long the chase lasted, but it was long enough to give me a very considerable degree of respect for this nerve and persistence of those highly indignant railroad men. We must have been miles away from the scene of the disaster when I finally left them behind and lost them. When I looked back and found myself alone with the solitude I sat down upon a flat rock to gasp and laugh. It had all gone so supremely ridiculous, and so beautifully in keeping with the reputation I had left behind me at Angels, that I felt sure that now nothing less than a verdict of expert alienists would ever serve to convince these Red Desert folk that I was anything but an escaped lunatic.

After the breathing spell I kept on up the valley, heading away from the setting sun, and feeling certain that, sooner or later, I must come out somewhere in the neighborhood of Atropia.

Two hours later I came into a sort of an excuse for a road. Being pretty well winded by the stiff climb out of the canyon ravine, I sat down at the roadside to rest a bit and to decide which way I should go, to the right or to the left. Just as I was making up my mind I heard a patter of feet and a dog barked.

A moment later I could see the beast, indistinctly. He had been coming up the road and had stopped at the sight—or scent—of me. Since a dog argued the proximity of a dog-owning human being, I called coaxingly: "Here, Towzer—here—come on, old fellow—that's a boy!" and the curious thing about it is that he did it, running up a little way and stopping, and finally coming to squat before me and to lift a paw for me to shake.

I jollied him a bit and let him nose one to his heart's content. Then suddenly, as if he had discovered a long-lost master, he broke away and began to leap and dance around me, barking a furious and hilarious welcome. In the midst of this hubbub I heard hoof-beats and the squeaking of saddle leather, and the dog's owner rode up. At first I thought the dinky outlined Spots-on-battered figure in the saddle was that of a boy. But it was a woman's voice, and a mighty pleasant one, that called to the dog: "Down, Barney, and behave yourself—what's the matter with you, sir!"

I stood up and pulled off my cap. "I'm chiefly the matter," I said. "Your dog seems to think he knows me, and I'm awfully sorry that his memory is so much better than mine."

You'd think anybody would think—that a woman riding alone in the dark on a solitary mountain road would be handsomely startled, to say the least, at seeing a man rise up fairly under her horse's nose. But if my little lady were scared, she certainly didn't parade her fright.

"Barney is such a foolish dog, sometimes," she said apologetically. "He has a double brain, you know; half of it is good-natured and silly and the other half is—well, it's—"

The dog had come around, again wagging his tail and at that magic word "half" I stooped to let him sniff his cold nose into my palm. The act brought me near enough to enable me to see him better, and I had to clap a hand over my mouth to keep from shouting out and scaring the entire combination into a wild stampede. For, if you'll believe me, the dog was my dog. One-half of his face was white and the other was so black that it merged and faded harmoniously into the night!

"I know," I said, straightening up again; "my brain acts that way, too, sometimes." Then: "Pardon me, but would you mind telling me the color of the horse you are riding?"

The young woman laughed and her laugh was just as jolly and pleasant as her speaking voice. "Winkie is what the cow-men call a 'pluto'—a calico horse," she answered promptly.

"Sure!" I bellowed, "I knew it!" and the horse shied and the dog barked in sheer sympathy. Then I apologized. "Please forgive the explosion. As I said a minute ago, my brain sometimes acts like Barney's: half of it being good-natured and silly and the

other half—well, we'll omit the description of the other half for the present, if you'll permit me. May I—will you have the goodness to tell me where I am?"

"I—why—dear me! Don't you know where you are?"

"Not any more than a harmless, necessary goat, I assure you."

"I couldn't be certain, but I thought she took a little firmer hold upon her bridle rein."

"Did you—did you come from Angels?" she asked in a sort of awed little voice. "How did you guess it? I was, indeed—for a very short space of time this very day—a member of the Angelic band. And if you should ask me, I might say that I feel as though I had walked most of the way here from Angels. I—I—my car broke down, you know."

"Yes," she said; "I know"—just as if she did. Then: "I can at least tell you where you are. This is the southern slope of Cinnabar mountain. This road leads on down to Atropia, about three miles below."

"Yes; Atropia was the place I was trying to come at."

She stopped and appeared to be thinking about something. Then she said: "Really, I think you would better not go to Atropia. It's—well, it's quite a long walk."

"The walk doesn't specially appal me. I've done so much walking this afternoon that a few hundred miles, more or less, in addition wouldn't be worth mentioning. But for some other reasons—"

"Yes; for some other reasons," she said, repeating it right after me. Then: "I—we—Daddy, and I, might give you some supper and put you up for the night, if—if you wouldn't mind sleeping in the—in the loft."

My Lord! I hadn't so much as seen her face clearly yet, but I could have worshipped her! She had just come from Atropia, and she knew! Of course, she knew. That little dry-as-dust hamlet must have been sizzling for hours with the wire news of the escaped lunatic who had alighted in Angels only to light out again with a stolen inspection car. And in the face of all that she was willing to take a "chance" on me! If she had only known that I would cheerfully risk sleeping in the cellar—to say nothing of a loft—rather than lose sight of her . . . but she was going on a bit breathlessly: "It is only a short mile to our cabin, and—if you are very tired, I might let you ride Winkie."

"I shall be most delighted—to walk," I hastened to say.

"Straight on up the road, then," she directed.

We had traversed possibly half of the promised mile in plodding silence when we came to a place where the grade was so steep that it cut what was left of my sea-level wind to the small end of nothing.

"Stop a minute and get your breath," said the pony's rider; and when I had halted: "You are not used to these high altitudes, are you?"

"Not so that any one would remark it," I gasped. "How high up are we?"

"About five thousand feet. The mine is exactly five thousand three hundred, I believe."

"There it was, you see: THE MINE!" "Pardon me," I blurted out; "but would you mind telling me if your eyes are blue?"

Her laugh was like a drink of cool spring water in the middle of a hot summer day; refreshing, you know, like that.

"I sup-pup-ose my eyes are blue; people tell me they are."

"Thank you," I returned. "There is only one other little matter and that can very well wait until we are—er—a bit better acquainted, you know. Shall we go on, now?"

She spoke to her pony and we went on. Ahead of us and diagonally up a steep slope I could see the dim shapes of a number of buildings, all dark. Then we came to a great dump, looking as if the mountain had at one time opened to pour out a cataract of broken stone.

Beyond the dump there was another building with a light in it; and as the dog ran ahead of us, barking, the figure of a man silhouetted itself in the open doorway.

"Here we are and you are welcome to the Old Cinnabar," said my companion to me. Then she "hoo-hoo-ed" cheerily to the man in the doorway and slipped out of her saddle, letting her pony stand while she led me across to the lighted, log-built cabin.

## CHAPTER VI.

### The Old Cinnabar.

"Daddy, here is a man I found down at the head of Antelope gulch; he had lost his way, so I brought him home with me," was the simple manner in which she launched me; and I found myself shaking hands with an elderly man who looked as if he might be a farmer, or a miner, or something of that nature—you will know what I mean—flannel shirt, trousers tucked into boots, iron-gray whiskers all over his face, an eye as mild as a colic dog's.

"Xon done plum right, Jeanie," he remarked; and then to me: "Come right on in, stranger, and be at home. If you don't see what you want, ask for it." After which he went to take care of the plebeian pony.

The log cabin proved to be primitive only on the outside. The interior was a dream of cozy homeliness. A hanging lamp lighted it, and in its mild glow I had my first real look at the girl.

She wasn't beautiful in any show-girl meaning of the word; she was something far better—pleasant, charming. A round little face, wind-tanned to a tint as delicious as the blush in the heart of an apple-blossom; a jolly bit of a nose, tip-titled enough to bespeak a healthy sense of humor, a mouth neither too large nor too small upheld by a firm, round chin, and the chin upheld by an extra firm little jaw. As she had admitted, her eyes were blue—the blue that shades into violet—and they were well-set, wide apart and perfectly fearless: the kind of

eyes fit to match the straight-lined brows that usually go with them.

I sat before the cheerful blaze, chuckling quietly to myself over the mad adventures of the day and their highly romantic, not to say miraculous, outcome. Beyond all manner of doubt I had stumbled upon the three tall-mans of Cousin Percy's cryptic letter. By the most marvellous of accidents I had discovered the girl, the horse, and the dog; and, if the remainder of Percy's letter was to be taken at its face value, I should now be in touch with my legacy.

As to the character of that legacy, there could be no further question. Grandfather Jasper had left me a mine; and I was fully prepared to find it the drowned mine of Bullerton's story. What I might be able to make of it was a matter which could well be postponed to another day. Just as I reached this postponing conclusion, the girl's father came in, drew up a chair on the opposite side of the hearth, and began to make me welcome in a mild-mannered way, saying that they didn't have much company, and were always "master" glad to see a new face. He did not ask me any troublesome questions; and beyond telling me his name, which was Hiram Twombly, did not volunteer any information about himself or his daughter, nor did he explain how they came to be living in so much comparative comfort in such an out-of-the-way place.

A little later the girl returned to set the table, and presently we had



A Little Later the Girl Returned to Set the Table.

supper. It was an amazingly good meal; crisp bacon, fried potatoes, hot biscuits and honey, and coffee that was most delicious in spite of the condensed milk which was made to serve as cream.

After we left the table the blue-eyed maiden got housewifely busy; and the old man and I sat before the fire and smoked. I don't remember just how it was that we finally drifted about to automobiles and motor boats and such things; but we did, and many-be I may have bragged a bit about having driven and tinkered pretty nearly all the breeds of go-cart on land and water—as I really had.

"Know about machinery, do you?" said my hearth-mate; and then, with a humorous glint in his mild eyes: "Shouldn't wonder if you could be sort of a Godsend to me, if you wanted to. To-morrow, if you ain't in too big a hurry to be leavin' us, I'll get you to show me a few things that I don't know, 'long them lines, maybe."

Of course, I acquiesced, cheerfully. By and by the girl came in and sat down to knit, just as her grandmother might have done, and at that her father got up, and, lighting a lantern, went out. I was fairly petrified by this time to know a vast number of things, but hardly knew how to begin asking about them. So, as the old man clapped on his hat and left the cabin, I blew out the first foolish remark that came uppermost.

"All dressed up, and nowhere to go; isn't that about the way of it for you two on this mountain?"

"Meaning Daddy, and now, particularly," she said, smiling across at me. "He has gone to make his regular round of the mine buildings and cabins. Not that there is the slightest use of it; only he likes to feel that he is at least pretending to earn his pay."

"The mine?" I queried.

"Yes; this is the old Cinnabar, you know; and Daddy is the—well, I suppose you might call us the caretakers, though there isn't much to take care of. The mine has been shut down for a year and more."

"Is it a gold mine?"

"It was."

"Why the past tense?"

"Water," she said, briefly. "It's a drowned mine. That is why it was shut down."

Of course, this was exactly what I was expecting to hear, and yet this plain unvarnished confirmation of things gave me a damp and soggy feeling of despondency. Percy had wired, you remember, that his letter was no joke; but it seemed that it really was one, and that the joke—which was a mighty grim one—was on me.

"Can't the water be pumped out?" I asked.

"It seems not. I understand the company spent thousands of dollars trying to pump it out. It's—it's rather pitiful."

"You mean the company's loss?"

"No; the company didn't lose anything. It was just one old man."

Now we were coming to the real meat of the thing and I looked my hand of cards over carefully to the end that I should not overplay it.

"I'm fond of stories," I ventured; "especially mining stories," and thereupon she told me the story of the Cinnabar. It was a fair repetition of Bullerton's tale with a few more of

the particulars thrown in.

As my blue-eyed little Scheherazade understood it, my grandfather had been a minority stockholder in the company during its prosperous period. When the water debacle came, the fact of it was carefully concealed from him and he was generously permitted to come to the rescue—which he did by paying a fabulous sum (Scheherazade did not know how much) for his fellow-stockholders' holdings. In other words, they had sold him a gold brick; soaked him for a haul clean-up on a doomed mine. That was about all there was to it.

"Did my—did the old gentleman you speak of ever come out here himself?" She nodded.

"Once that we know off; that was after it was all over and the place was deserted. At that time Daddy had taken up a claim just west of here in the next gulch and we were living in this cabin; squatters, I guess you'd call us. So we camped down."

"That was quite right and proper. And this Mr. Jasper Dudley; he didn't turn you out when he came, did he?"

"Oh, no, indeed; he was very kind. When he found that Daddy's gulch claim wasn't going to pan out anything, he said he needed a caretaker here, and since that time he has sent us money every month. But now I suppose it will all be different. Mr. Dudley is dead."

"But the heirs?" I suggested.

"We don't even know who they are. When Mr. Dudley went away he left a sealed envelope with Daddy. He said he might come back again, some time, but if he didn't, or couldn't, Daddy was to keep the envelope and give it to him—Mr. Dudley's representative, whoever that might be."

Talk about plots thickening! This one was already as thick as molasses in the dead of winter!

"How were you to know this representative if one should come?" I edged in cautiously.

"I don't know," she replied simply. "I should suppose he would be able to identify himself in some way, though, shouldn't you? That is, if he ever comes."

"Sure; nothing easier, of course," I agreed; and then, since we seemed to have scraped the bottom of the Cinnabar dish clean, I switched off to something else.

"When we were coming up the road a while back, Miss Jeanie, you gathered the impression that I was a crazy man, didn't you?"

"Didn't you try to give me that impression?" she countered.

"I fancy I didn't have to try very hard—inasmuch as you had been spending the afternoon in Atropia."

She forced a queer little laugh and bent lower over her knitting.

"When you were in Atropia, did you see or hear anything of the other crazy man?"

"Is there another one?" she asked, a bit breathlessly.

"I was told so in Angels this afternoon."

"Is this other man a friend of yours?" she wanted to know.

"You could scarcely call him that; I've met him only once. He is a mining engineer and his name is Bullerton—Charles Bullerton."

"If I had reached up and got her pistol out of its holster over the mantel to bang it off into the fireplace she could hardly have been more startled."

"Oh—Charles Bullerton?" she stammered. "Is Mr. Bullerton here?"

"Not here, exactly, but he was in Atropia two days ago. Do you, by any chance, happen to know him?"

"Oh, yes; quite well."

"Then, naturally, you know best whether or not he is in my class—the crazy class, I mean."

Once more she let the blue eyes drop to her knitting, and if I wasn't mistaken the pretty lips were twisting themselves in a sort of wry smile.

"The last time I saw him he told me he was crazy," she admitted.

"Isn't that delightful!" I murmured. "Bullerton is crazy and I'm crazy; perhaps we are all a bit crazy. Do you know, Miss Jeanie, that I have come thousands of miles to find you?"

"To find me?"—the blue eyes were as round as the full moon.

"Even so; you, your horse and your dog. Would you—er—would you permit an exceedingly personal question? Remembering always that it is put by a man who has lost his wits? Have you a small brown mole on your left shoulder?"

She blushed very prettily; even the handsome mountain wind tan wasn't brown enough to hide it.

"I think you are crazy—completely crazy."

"Certainly I am; there hasn't been the slightest doubt of it since—well, since about two weeks ago, when I started to hunt for you and a plebeian dog and plebeian horse."

There was silence before the fire for a long minute and I began to be afraid Daddy Hiram would come back before anything else happened. Then she said, with more curiosity than resentment, I thought:

"How did you know about the mole?"

"Then there is one?" I questioned eagerly.

"Yes."

"Glory be!" I chanted. "You don't know what a load you have lifted from whatever poor fragment of a mind I have left!"

Again she said: "I don't know what you mean."

"Just you wait," I begged. "I have lured intervals at times; all crazy folks do, you know. When my next one comes along I'll explain as much as I can—which isn't nearly as much as you might think, at that."

It was just at this moment that her father returned, so she went on with her sock-knitting while we two men talked a bit and had a belated smoke. Pretty soon I began to get sleepy—a natural consequence of the strenuous day—and at the third yawn, which I was trying vainly to hide, Daddy Twombly lighted a candle and offered to show me my bunk.

This proved to be in the cabin loft, as the blue-eyed maiden had threatened, and the stair was just a common ladder. Father Hiram left me

the candle, and I had blown the light out and rolled myself in the blankets before I realized that the loft must be directly over the room with the fireplace in it.

I was so workmanly tired that I fell asleep almost at once, and why I should have awakened before morning, I don't know. But I did awaken, and though I don't know what time it was, it seemed as if I hadn't been asleep more than a few minutes. There were voices in the room beneath; Twombly and his daughter had not yet gone to bed, so it must have been reasonably early. I had no manner of right to listen in, but short of stuffing cotton in my ears there didn't seem to be any easy way of staying out—and I didn't have any cotton.

"I heard something today—something that you won't like to hear,"



I Stuck My Head Out of the Blankets and Listened Greedily.

Charles Bullerton is somewhere in this neighborhood. He was in Angels yesterday or the day before."

"Hub!" granted Twombly; "I wonder what sort of a crooked deal he's tryin' to pull off now? Did he stay in Angels?"

"No. What I heard was that he had left there to go to Atropia."

"I don't want to see him come foolin' round you any more, whatsoever, Jeanie girl. I kept still the other time, but that was after I'd found out how everlastin' crooked he is."

"You needn't be afraid for me, Daddy," said the girl, and I could hear her low laugh. "You know you've always said I'd have to marry money, and Charles Bullerton hasn't enough to tempt even me."

I heard something that sounded like a deep-throated "Gosh—listen at that, will ye?" then: "If Charley Bullerton's been in 'Tropia he'll be bustin' in here, next, tryin' to get his claws into this here Cinnabar carcass. And me, I ain't got no boss to stand behind me. That'll be a nice kettle o' fish!"

I stuck my head out of the blankets and listened greedily. It seemed to be very highly necessary that I should be made acquainted with the precise ingredients of that kettle of fish. In my luck had exhausted itself. In a few minutes there was a stir in the living-room below, and I heard Daddy Twombly shoveling up ashes to cover the fire. That meant goodnight; and though I continued to listen, there were no more sounds, and I was finally obliged to go to sleep, leaving the fish-kettle still unanalyzed.

## CHAPTER VII.

### Honorable Scars.

If I had been what I had invited Jeanie Twombly to imagine me: merely an ordinary drifting tourist set afoot in the wilds by circumstances over which I had no control, my cue to be on my way the following morning couldn't have been delayed much beyond the appetizing breakfast to which I sat down a little after seven o'clock. But once I had reached the end of the rainbow, and had no intention of moving on before I could have my chance to dig for the pot of gold which is said to be the reward of successful rainbow chasers, I was casting about for an excuse to prolong my stay when Twombly, in accordance with the bit of ink which I had overheard in the loft chamber, took the matter out of my hands.

"When we was talkin' about automobiles and such, las' night, you let on to me that you knowed something about machinery," was the way he began. "If you ain't in a hurry to go to bed, I'd like to see you show me how to take a steam engine to pieces so 'I could clean it up and keep it from goin' to rack and ruin."

"With all the pleasure imaginable," I hastened to say, before he could have time to change his mind.

While the cerulean-eyed maiden was carrying the dishes out of the kitchen



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## THE GIRL, A HORSE, A DOG

Continued from Page 2

"See here," I said, "if you've got another pair of overalls and a jumper

"Sure pop, I have," he admitted; and that was how I discovered my first real job of honest-to-goodness work.

We stuck at it until noon, disassembling, and scraping rust, and polishing and oiling, and incidentally finding the machinery in a great deal better condition than it had any right to be after standing idle for so long a time.

Of course, I bungled my soft hands all over, and got as dirty as a pig, and all that; but that first forenoon is written down in my life as one of the most enjoyable I've ever known.

And when Daddy Hiram called the noon halt, and we went across to the cabin to wash up for dinner, I was hungry. I think that forenoon measured about the only useful half-day's work I'd ever done, and the afternoon made it a full day. Say, people—it was great! For the first time in an idle, happy-go-lucky life I had a job with a concrete object in view, and a keen ambition to see it through. I was thirstily eager to get that machinery in shape and to start those old pumps, and this in spite of Daddy Hiram's repeated assurances that it "wouldn't do no good at all."

During a hard-working interval of two weeks a number of things had happened. One was a visit from the desperado-looking Angelican who had impressed me with the fact that he belonged to the Ancient and Honorable Order of the Silver Star. I'll have to tell about that visit, because it proved what a tremendously lucky thing it was for me that I had fallen among friends.

It was this way. On the second day of my stay in the bosom of the Twombly family, I noticed that a battered surveying instrument—a transit which was probably a left-over from the time when the Cinnabar was a working proposition, with an engineer to figure out its dips and angles—had been moved from its place in the corner of the living room and was stood upon its three legs at a small, square window which looked out over the plateau-bench of the mountain to the south-eastward.

Two mornings afterward I found out the why and wherefore of the old transit and its "set up," as an engineer would say. Daddy Hiram and I were standing with our backs to the hearth fire, waiting for breakfast to be put on the table, when Jennie came in from the kitchen with a great stack of hot butter-cakes. As she darted out again after the coffee and bacon, she paused just a fraction of a second to put her eye to the telescope. I didn't see what kind of a signal it was that she passed to Daddy Hiram, but whatever its nature, it made him get action in a tearing hurry.

"Up into the loft with you, quick, Stannie!" he yelled at me; and as I went stumbling up the ladder in blind obedience, I saw him, hastily helping his daughter to remove my plate, knife and fork, spoon, coffee cup and chair;

should have been able to dig that memory association. This was Mr. Isaac Beasley, my Angelic friend of the overgrown silver star and the unshaven countenance.

"Huh," he grunted, "them griddle-cakes shure do look mighty righteous to me! I been ridin' sense two hours afore sun-up; wild-goose chase clear over on 'other side o' Lost mountain. Couple o' prospectors blew into Anglica day afore yesterday and said they'd seen that con-dummed lunatic that got loose from us and busted up a car fir the railroad; them roddleheads said they'd seen him workin' in the Lost Creek placers."

"A looney?" said Daddy Hiram, as innocent as a two-weeks-old lamb.

"Yep; that feller that stole an inspection car and got it smashed up and then took to the hills. You hain't seen anything of him, have ye?"

"Nary a lunatic," said Daddy Hiram calmly.

His breakfast eaten, Friend Isaac showed no disposition to hurry away—much to my chagrin. He took time to smoke a leisurely pipe with Daddy Hiram and to ask a lot of indifferent questions about the drowned mine.

"Hain't heard nothin' fr'm yer owners yit, have ye, Hiram?" he wanted to know, after—as it seemed to me—the subject had been pretty thoroughly talked to death.

I heard Daddy's reply, made as to one with whom the matter had been canvassed before.

"Nothin' but that clippin' from some newspaper back East, tellin' about Mr. Dudley's passin' out."

"Kind-a curious somebody don't tell ye somethin', ain't it?" the marshal put in. "Looks like the heirs 'd be either fishy 'r cuttin' bait on this here Cinnabar layout—not as it'd do 'em any good if they did. Didn't any letter come with the newspaper piece?"

"Nary a pen-scratch."

"Whereabout was the envelope posted?"

"Washin' ton."

"Aha!" said I to myself, "I have you, Cousin Percy! For some reason best known to yourself you didn't want Daddy Hiram to get hold of Grandfather Jasper's proper address!"

His pipe smoked out, the marshal prepared to take horse. Daddy went with him to the far side of the dump and the murmur of their voices came to me in diminishing cadences. After a bit Daddy came back and called up to me in the sing-song of the miners after the final blast has been fired.

"A-a-a! over, Stannie. I reckon ye can come down now and get you some breakfast."

Jennie served me in silence when I took my place at table and the good old man stood in the doorway, keeping watch, as I made no doubt, against a possible second-thought return of Friend Isaac, the bristled-headed.

Throughout the working day which followed he never made the slightest reference to the episode of the morning and, true, I think the whole incident would have been buried in oblivion by those two simple-minded souls if I hadn't first spoken of it myself.

This I did in the evening of the same day, when Daddy had gone to make his entirely useless night round of the mine property. As on most evenings, Jennie sat at her corner of the hearth, knitting, and I was filling a bedtime pipe.

"Jennie," I broke out, "I wish you'd tell me why you and your father are so good to me. How do you know that I'm not the crazy criminal that other people believe me to be? I did steal the car and get it smashed, you know."

"You are not a criminal and I am sure you didn't mean to get the car smashed. Besides, you had taken shelter under our roof."

"You are true Bedouins," I laughed. "Is that the code in the West—your code?—to defend anybody who has eaten salt with you?"

"I should think it would be anybody's code."

"You and your father were expecting this man Beasley to come here looking for me?"

"Daddy thought he might just happen along. We are only four miles from Atropia, you know."

"And was that the reason you put the old transit at the window?—so you might watch for him?"

"Of course."

By Jove! Another woman, any other woman in the world, I thought, would have let some little shred of sentiment show; she couldn't have helped it. But this one didn't. A boy couldn't have looked me in the eyes any more frankly and squarely than she did when she said "Of course." Since I had eaten their bread, I was, for so long as I chose to stay, a member of the clan.

It was near the end of the fortnight, and Daddy Hiram and I had scoured and rubbed and scraped and reassembled the engine and pumps, and were finishing the cleaning of the boilers. These were pretty badly rusted and scaled, and to do the job properly, we had taken the manhole heads out of the holes left to give access to the interior of the shells, and had had a good-natured squabble as to which of us should crawl inside to do the scraping; Daddy insisting upon doing it, because as he pointed out, he was the smaller man, and I arguing that I should because I was the younger and stronger.

To settle it finally we flipped a coin—one of those inch-wide copper pennies that Daddy carried for a pocket piece—and I won the toss. The job wasn't exactly a picnic, but I got along all right until we came to the last of the battery. I found that the repairers had at some past time inserted a couple of extra stay-ropes, so that there was little enough room left in the old steel shell for a professional boiler-monkey to wriggle about in, to say nothing of a husky young chag who tipped the beam at around a hundred and seventy pounds, stripped.

Just the same, I made shift to knock the worst of the scale off and rattle it down so that it could be washed out from below, and was backing out one of the extra stay-ropes was loose.

At my asking, Daddy screwed up the nut on the outside of the boiler head to tighten the rod, and then passed the wrench in to me so that I could screw up the nut on the inside. To this good day I don't know just what did happen, but I guess the big S-wrench must have slipped off the nut while I was pulling on it. Anyhow, something hit me a stunning crack over the eye, and I promptly faded out, blink like a penny candle in a gust of wind.

When I came to myself again it was night, and I was lying undressed and in a real bed in a room that was totally unfamiliar. In the looking-glass which hung on the opposite wall I got a glimpse of myself with a regular Turk's turban of white stuff wound around my head and skew-angled to cover one eye. When I stirred, Jennie popped in from somewhere to ask what she could do for me.

"What was it?" I asked; "an earthquake?"

"Daddy says you hit yourself with a wrench. Does it hurt much now?"

"Not more than having a sound tooth pulled; no. But I was inside the boiler, wasn't I? How did you manage to get me out?"

She turned her face away and even with one eye I could see that she was trying to hide a smile.

"It was funny," she confessed, "though we were both scared stiff at the time. Daddy called me and I ran over. You were all doubled up inside of the boiler, and there wasn't room for Daddy to crawl in and straighten you out. And unless you could be straightened out, we couldn't pull you out."

"I see. What did you do?—send for a boiler-monkey?"

"What is a boiler-monkey?"

"It isn't a 'what'; it's a man; usually the littlest man in the shop."

"I was the monkey," she said.

I tried to sit up, but the blinding headache I had somehow acquired said No.

"You crawled into that rusty old coffin?"

She nodded.

"Daddy lent me his overalls and jumper. It wasn't hard; but when I got in and saw how badly you were hurt . . . there wasn't anything to laugh at, then. Daddy says you'll be apt to carry the scar as long as you live."

"Honorable scars," I muttered. "You straightened me around—I'll believe it if you say so—and then what?"

"If I got out and we pulled you out—Daddy and I. I was glad you didn't know; that you were just feeling things. I mean, we must have hurt you frightfully. I don't see how you ever crawled in through that little hole."

"It's much easier when you're alive," I offered.

"I'm going to bring you a cup of herb tea, and then I'll go and lie down for a while."

Since, as I afterward learned, the dose she gave me was some sort of home-brewed sleeping draft, I very nearly slept the clock round. Daddy came in and helped me into my clothes—they were eating their noon meal when I woke up and called—away from being still a bit headachey and lottory, I was all right again. But for two whole days they made me sit around and be waited on, hand and foot, and cooed and petted, those two; for their own flesh and blood they couldn't have done more.

(To be continued)

Idea Worth Consideration.

Rats in cold storage plants develop a remarkable growth of hair and the cubs put in to destroy the rats get thicker and slinkier coats, it has been discovered in Liverpool. The question is now asked whether cold-storage conditions might not be employed to advantage for half-headed men. Certain practical difficulties are in the way of cold-storage men, but it is urged that at least an artificial fur trade might be established by scientific utilization of this discovery.

Silent Adoration.

What surprises me most about Scotland, writes a visitor, is not the absence of haggis and the kilt, or the presence of finely insulated roads, but the silence of the barbers' shops. Artist and client say nothing more to each other than the few words necessary for the success of the operation in hand. When I remarked on this phenomenon to a much-traveled Scot, "Aye," he commented, "they're both thinking hard about the lip."

No Assistance Needed.

Bassett and Robinson went to Tacoma the other day to see their girl. While battling and whirling away the hours in a very secluded corner of the yeranda, her brother happened along, and not being able to distinguish their uniforms in the semi-darkness, he asked: "What is it this time, Sis, the army or the navy?" Whereupon Bassett piped, "The marines have landed and have the situation well in hand."—Tennessee Tar.

Fossil Remains Reveal Much.

In times of doubt and perplexity the geologist turns to the paleontologist for light on the age and original order of the rock beds he is studying. The study of the animal and plant remains that are imbedded in the rocks has thus become an important part of geologic work, and although the specialists who are engaged in this study are few, their work is of high importance.

Secret of Happy Life.

The secret of the happy life is found in the direction of our eyes and the order of our thoughts. Which do we look for first, complaint or praise? Which goes first into our scale for estimation, trial or mercy? Are we looking part way up to compare ourselves with more successful men, or far beyond success to the center of our life and joy?—Rocky Mountain News.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the Assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

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## BOARDING WITH ONE'S WIFE

Remarkable Plan Adopted by Shrewd Jersey Man May Have Something to Recommend It.

The story of the seventy-five-year-old Jersey man who has just renewed a blue-year signed contract to board with his wife (her age is forty-five) at a fixed figure, and is not to speak to her unless the house is burning down, sits in old-timers' minds the refrain of a favorite song of Sol Smith Russell.

Oh, Old like to know  
Is it me or Flannigan, the lodger?

But, really, there isn't any lodger in the Jersey case, nor any "star-boarder," but the husband. The children are grown up. Three sons support the mother. If the aged father pays his board, he has no further responsibilities. And he has still a good job and is content. Also his wife is content.

Our reasonable guess is that she is a mighty good housekeeper, observes the Brooklyn Eagle. Nine years with no complaint possible, without contract-breaking, and a renewal at the end of the term is excellent evidence of that. There are no flies on her coffee and none in it. The steak is broiled and not fried. The bacon and chops are done to a turn. Even the hash must be eatable. Beds are properly aired and carefully made up. The boarder doesn't have to wait half an hour when he wants to take a bath. Hot water is available at all hours. Smoking in your room is permitted, probably encouraged.

Perhaps the habit of speaking to a wife, or having a wife speak to you has its disadvantages. It often develops acrimony, sometimes animosity. Every sociological experiment, such as the Jersey one, is entitled to be judged on its merits. The human race must live and learn by experimentation.

ROMAN RECORDS IN AFRICA

Discovery It Is Believed Will Throw Much Light on Early History of the Empire.

A discovery which, it is claimed, will form one of the fundamental sources for a history of the Roman empire under Augustus has been made recently by Doctor Olivero, an Italian savant in Cyrene, the ancient Greek colony in Africa, founded in the Seventh century.

A Morning Post correspondent, writing from Cyrene, says that excavations at Bengasi—the ancient Berenice, which stood in the midst of the gardens of the Hesperides, near the mouth of the River Lethe—have resulted in the unearthing of a block of marble eight feet long, one face of which bears a flawless Greek inscription of over one hundred lines; the translation of a letter from Augustus on the government and administration of justice in Cydena, giving a wonderful insight into the financial and judicial conditions of the country at that time.

Other interesting finds are a sanctuary dedicated to Eastern divinities, probably of the time of Julian the Apostate, with a remarkably well-preserved black marble statue of an Egyptian goddess. An extensive Ptolemaic cemetery also has been located. At Apollonia, a Christian basilica of the Fifth century is being excavated, and at Merdi, the ancient Barce, some Coptic inscriptions have been found which are held to be of great importance when the history of the Arab conquest comes to be written.

Infanticide is so common in some parts of the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands that in many families all children are killed and substitutes are purchased at will.

Exceptions.

An astronomer says that the term "fixed," as applied to stars, is a misnomer. Still, we know some stars that are mighty well fixed.—Boston Transcript.

## FACTS OF HISTORIC INTEREST

Revealed by Extensive Excavations on Sites of Revolutionary Camps on the Hudson Heights.

Three years of excavating on sites of Revolutionary camps in the Hudson Highlands, near West Point, has enabled a commission of the New York Historical society to establish interesting historical facts that have long been in dispute.

The chief source of information has been refuse heaps of the armed camps of Washington, and many facts have been learned merely from examining the buttons in the old dumps.

Examination of cooking utensils and cutlery, broken pottery and other miscellaneous articles has aided the commission. The buttons, still showing the insignia after a century and a half, show that ten Massachusetts regiments, five from Connecticut and one from Rhode Island, occupied the main fortress in the highlands. Buttons worn in one camp by Connecticut soldiers bore an imprint in honor of the birth of the French dauphin, showing that the soldiers were in camp after 1781.

Similar investigation on the sites of British camps show their troops lived in much more luxury than the men who won independence for America. Silver buckles, china, and much broken glass from rum containers tell the story of the invaders' rations. The Revolutionary troops used hand-forged forks, pewter spoons, and left no broken glass.

The excavations have also revealed the extent of certain fortifications, and forts have been discovered of which there was no record.

## THIS RIDE A REAL THRILLER

Ascent by Elevator to Summit of Alpine Peak Worth Going Long Journey to Take.

For years one of the most thrilling incidents of a visit to the Alps has been the ascent of the Jungfrau on the cog-rail road that starts from Kleine Scheldeng, at an elevation of 8,711 feet and climbs the mountain-side at the startling grade of 25 per cent, or an angle of about 22 degrees, till it reaches Jungfraujoch, at an elevation of 11,330 feet.

In an illustrated article in Popular Mechanics Magazine it is told how it is now proposed to add to this wonderful experience in mountain climbing a still further thrill, by comparison with which the former will appear quite insipid. From the present end of the track the mountain soars another 2,206 feet to the summit at an elevation of 13,547 feet. By means of excavations and tunnels the track will be extended until it reaches a spot in the center of the conical summit directly below its highest point. From the end of this tunnel a shaft will be bored vertically to the summit itself, and in this shaft passenger elevators will be installed, so that Alpine mountaineers will end their long thrilling railroad climb with an elevator trip like an exaggerated ride to the top of the Woolworth building in New York city. The climax will find them landed at the extreme summit of one of the highest peaks in the Alps, with a view of a world of snow-clad, craggy mountain tops around them.

Daniel Boone's Mark.

That Daniel Boone, famed Kentucky hunter, made an expedition into Wayne and Lincoln county during his career is the belief of a party of lumberjacks who recently discovered the name "D. Boone" chiseled in a large rock at the mouth of a cave on Pond Fork of Four Mile creek, Lincoln county, near the Wayne line. The forces of the Jeffers are said to correspond with the name of Boone which is found carved in the rocks of Kentucky. The rock bearing the name in Lincoln county is located in a remote and wild section.—Huntington (W. Va.) Advertiser.

Exceptions to All Rules.

Sometimes looking on the bright side has a depressing effect, as when one gazes at the shiny side of one's only pair of trousers.—Boston Transcript.

Keep Records of Glaciers.

An international commission keeps records of the advance and retreat of important glaciers in all parts of the world.

A Losing Game.

Working six hours a day to defeat competition and four hours to make a living is a losing game too many people play.—Atchison Globe.

## Special Bargains

Full and Winter Woolsens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 4 per cent less than our regular prices. We do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,  
184 Thames Street  
NEWPORT, R. I.

## How Great Sentiment Originated.

Charles C. Pinckney was one of three envoys sent by the United States to France in 1797 to settle disputes which had arisen between the two countries. The American grievance was caused by the seizure of American vessels by France. The French grievance was that commercial privileges had been granted to England. Talleyrand, the French foreign minister, refused to receive the envoys, but it had been conveyed to them by secret agents that before any settlement could be reached it would be necessary for the United States to pay a large sum of money, which was, in fact, little more than a bribe. It was then that Pinckney made his famous declaration that the United States had "millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

## Women Fade Quickly in the Orient.

Despite their comparatively easy life, occidental women almost invariably fade in China earlier than those at home. Elsie McCormick writes in the China Press. In a year in the Far East the average woman ages as much physically as she would in five years at home. After she has become acclimated her facial deterioration is less rapid, but she never regains the youthful freshness that was hers when she first sailed. Newcomers in the Orient nearly always remark on the many tired, drawn faces to be seen even among the young girls.

## "Regatta" Is Venetian.

A contest between boats, whether canoes, sailing or motor boats, is called "regatta." This word was borrowed from the Italians, who used it in connection with the boating contests on the Grand canal in Venice. The same word, however, meant to haggle over prices. The first "regatta" to be held in England took place on the Thames on June 23, 1775; but of course this wasn't by any means the first boat race held in England.

## "Crescent" Is Increasing Moon.

Whether the moon be waning or waxing, it is called a "crescent" until it becomes a half-moon or disappears. Strictly speaking, however, the term should not be used for the waning moon. "Crescent" is derived from the Latin "crescens," which means increasing, so that the crescent moon is really the "increasing" and not the "waning" moon.

## Possibilities of the Reindeer.

Many people consider it not at all improbable that some day reindeer raising in Alaska may vie with cattle raising in this country. Of course, it would be a number of years before this could be brought about, but the beginning has been made, and it is easy to see that the possibilities are boundless.

## Had Showed Himself Too Smart.

"So you haven't made Smudger your partner, after all?" said Smith to his business friend. "And I will tell you why. Smudger was engaged to my wife before I married her, and I don't believe in becoming too friendly with a man who has proved himself to be more wideawake than I am."

## Dust Necessary for Existence.

Dust plays an important part in our existence. But for the fine particles in the air we would have no rainfall, as the moisture would not condense, without them, and without the refraction of the dust our daylight would be far less brilliant.

## Knights Needed Large Horses.

Before the days of tournaments large horses were almost unknown in England. The need of a powerful mount to carry a knight in armor led breeders to develop the type of steed that eventually gave rise to the modern British breeds of draft horses.

## Coracles Still Used in Wales.

The coracle, or skin boat, used by the ancient Britons, framed of wicker-work and covered with hides, still survives on the rivers of Wales and western Ireland, where the fishermen consider it the safest craft for stormy weather.

## Facts About Shaving.

According to a calculation made by a German physician, a man who has shaved himself for fifty years has spent 250 days of 12 hours each, standing before a mirror with his razor in his hand.—Indianapolis News.

## They're All at the Movie Temple.

What has become of the old-fashioned family that used to pass long evenings in which one of its members read aloud from a good novel?—Chicago News.



"Up in the Loft With You Quick, Stannie!" He Yipped at Me.

In other words, to obliterate swiftly and completely all signs of the presence of a third member of the family.

In a minute or so there was a gruff hail from somebody outdoors and Daddy got up to go and look out.

"Why, hello, Ike, you old geezer!" he called. "What under the shins' sun fetches you up on old Cinnabar this early in the mornin'?" "Light down and come in; you're just in the nick of time for breakfast."

While I was cudgeling my brain in a vain effort to recall what, if any, memory association there should be awakened in me by the mention of an "Ike" person, this particular Isaac presented himself at the cabin door and clumped in with the stiff-legged walk of a man who has ridden horseback far and hard. I knew then why I

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



Established 1853

## The Mercury.

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Saturday, December 3, 1921

Prohibition agents are still unearthing plenty of moonshine in Providence. The denizens of Rhode Island's capital would seem to be a dry lot.

Since June 1st forty-six drunken automobile drivers have been brought before the Courts in Providence. Prohibition would seem to be a howling farce in that city.

Uncle Sam's Victory bonds have sold above par this week for the first time since they were issued. It looks as though our Uncle's credit is improving. In fact, there is no better security in the world than U. S. bonds.

Japan wants a fleet 70 per cent. as large as that of the United States and Great Britain. Secretary Hughes' plan offers the Japs a 60 per cent. fleet. There would seem to be no very great difference between the offer and the request.

A jury in a murder trial in Los Angeles, California, is composed of 10 women and 2 men. The jury which is hearing the notorious "Fatty" Arbuckle murder trial in California has 4 women on it. Women would seem to be decidedly out of place in such trials.

Poor old Boston! The Mayorality contest grows hotter every day, with nearly a dozen candidates in the field, and each one calling all the others all the villainous names in the catalogue. The people in general must be highly entertained. It would seem to be a toss-up as to which one had committed the most crimes, if we can believe one-half that the candidates say of one another.

The storm of the early part of this week wrought havoc in nearly all parts of New England. Telephone and telegraph wires were prostrated everywhere. Ice, snow and sleet predominated, and business was sadly interfered with in most of the cities of New England. Newport, as usual, escaped. No damage was done in this section of the State. There was no ice or snow and no heavy rain. Only three or four days of drizzle.

Poor old New Haven R. R. stock was selling this week at \$12 per share. Once it stood at \$275.00. On the other hand the Union Pacific, which a few years ago was a bankrupt road, has sold this week at \$132. This road running for thousands of miles through a sparsely settled country, pays a dividend of 10%, while the New Haven road, running through the richest and most populous part of the country, pays nothing and has a receivership staring it in the face. There is no question but that this road has been terribly mismanaged in the past. The purchase of the trolley lines of Connecticut, Rhode Island and parts of Massachusetts, at ten times their real value, and then selling them for a song, was one of the instrumentalities that has brought the New Haven low.

## WHY NOT CONSIDER THIS SECTION OF THE STATE?

According to the Providence Journal the State this winter will be called upon to bond itself to the tune of \$5,000,000; principally for the benefit of that city. \$2,000,000 is to build a new court house for Providence County, \$500,000 for a State office building on the State House grounds, and \$2,500,000 to connect the towns of Providence and East Providence with a new Washington bridge. The denizens of the Capital City of the State are not at all modest in their askings. All these things may be needed, but there are others. For instance, Newport County has been asking, for years, for a modest sum of a few thousands, not millions of dollars, to build a new Court house for this County. While the Providence County Courthouse is a comparatively new building, having been built only about 40 years, the building in which this County holds its Courts, was built one hundred and eighty-three years ago. It was never intended for a Court house, nor is it at all adapted for that purpose. If the State is to be called upon to build a bridge between two towns in the northern section, it might go further and build a ferry boat that will connect several towns, and improve an important line of travel for the entire State. The people of Jamestown have an equal, if not a better, right to ask for State aid in maintaining and improving a through line of travel from New York and elsewhere to the westward to New England via Conanicut. Then we have the Bristol Ferry Bridge connecting the northern part of the Island of Rhode Island with the mainland, which is worthy of consideration. On the whole, this section of the State can present claims for State appropriations which are of equal, if not of greater importance than those presented by the City of Providence.

## GOVERNMENT TO SELL SHIPS

The United States is going to sell at auction to the highest bidder 15 of her battleships that are supposed to have outlived their usefulness, although it was but a few years back that they were the pride of the Navy. Among the number is the cruiser Brookline, the flagship of Admiral William S. Schley during the battle of Santiago. Others are the cruiser Columbia, which in her prime was one of the fastest ships on the sea; the battleship Maine, which replaced the battleship of that name destroyed in Havana Harbor; the battleship Missouri, launched in 1901; the cruiser Memphis, now a wreck on the San Dominick coast.

Four monitors on the list are the Mantonia, built in 1862; the Ozark, formerly the Arkansas, and the Puritan, both of which have served as Naval Militia ships at Washington, and the Tonopah.

Other ships are the Intrepid, a steel training ship rigged as a sailing craft; the Galatea and the Vega, steam yachts, used as patrol craft in the World War; the freighter Surprise and the destroyer Smith, built in 1900.

## LARGE SUM FOR NEWPORTER

Mrs. Constance R. Winant of Concord, N. H., and Mrs. Ethelberta Pyne Eppley of Newport, R. I., are to share with two others the \$12,000,000 estate left by the will of Archibald D. Russell of Princeton, N. J.

Mr. Russell, who was a brother-in-law of the late Moses Taylor Pyne, banker and philanthropist, of New York and Princeton, died last October 5, and his will was filed for probate in Trenton, N. J.

The other two who will share in the estate are Archibald D. Russell, Jr., and Mrs. Helen Rutherford Benson, both of Princeton, and children of the late multi-millionaire.

The will shows personal property of \$8,389,172, including \$1,000,000 in Liberty Bonds. Real estate holdings in addition were estimated at \$4,000,000. The personal estate includes bonds, \$3,978,168; stocks, \$1,075,813; and mortgages, \$1,018,803.

## SCHOLARSHIP DEGREES

To the Editor of the Sunday Journal:

Will you tell me through the Sunday Journal query column which is the higher scholarship degree, B. A. or M. A.?

(The degree M. A., Master of Arts, is a higher degree than B. A., Bachelor of Arts. The degree B. A. is given for completion of a prescribed course in undergraduate work, and M. A. is given for special study, usually post graduate work.—Ed.)

This is all right in theory, but in practice, nowadays, it does not work. The degree of B. A. is earned by four years hard work; in some colleges of standing, where the degree of M. A. is given to most anyone who has achieved a certain amount of fame in politics or socially, or in most any other way, men who never saw the inside of a college can get a degree of M. A.

## THE COST OF STRIKES

(Providence Journal Editorial)

A loss in wages of \$1,180,000,000 by strikes during the first six months of the year in the United States makes a poor showing for labor. This estimate of the New York Journal of Commerce is based upon figures carefully compiled, and if the second half of the year shows similar losses the total of \$2,360,000,000 will be equivalent to about one hundred dollars a month for two million men during 1921. These figures ought to be studied by working men.

Nothing is to be gained by strikes during a period of readjustment in which thousands of men are looking for employment. Yet many laborers thought that they could hold wages at the high wartime level regardless of the movement toward deflation. Strikes for abnormal wages failed; the country was put to much inconvenience by industrial disturbances, but the heaviest losers were the men who followed the advice of their radical advisers.

## NAVAL CHANGES

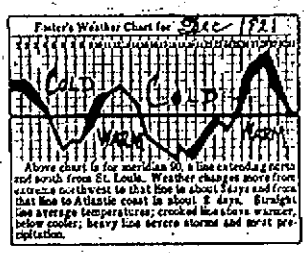
Capt. John Luby is detached from the War College at Newport and assigned as President of a general court-martial at Mare Island Navy Yard. Lieut. Commander Clifford E. Van Hook is detached from the Training Station and assigned as aide to the President of the War College. Lieut. Lewis H. Cutting is detached from the Torpedo Station and assigned to the Cormorant. Lieut. John D. Walsh is detached from the coal depot at Melville and assigned to command the Chewink.

Col. Samuel M. Nicholson of Providence, President and General Manager of the Nicholson File Co., has been elected, this week, President of the Industrial Trust Co. in place of Col. Samuel P. Colt, deceased; Eben R. Littlefield of Pawtucket and James R. McColl of Providence, Vice Presidents; and Henry Parsons Cross one of the Board of Directors. All these gentlemen are well known in Newport.

A local editor says the Mercury of Oct. 28, 1871, assures the kind-hearted lady who sent him a notice pie with the request to "please insert," that such articles are never crowded out by press of other matter.

## Polysyllables.

A word to the wise is sufficient; provided it is a long word.—Cartoon Magazine.



## WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Dec. 3, 1921.

The week centering on Dec. 7 is expected to average colder than usual on meridian 90°. A cold wave will reach that longitude near Dec. 4 and several days of cold weather is expected to follow along that line from far north to the Gulf of Mexico. This cold wave will follow the first severe storm of December. Near Dec. 12 a great high temperature wave will be on meridian 90 from Gulf of Mexico to far north. Two or three days of severe storms will follow and as the temperature rises rain is expected, followed by snows in northern sections. These weather events will control the weather for the week centering on Dec. 12, on meridian 90. About two days earlier they will be in Alaska and Western Canada; two days later than the meridian 90 dates they will be in latitude of Ohio and Ontario and three days later they will cover the eastern coasts of the continent. There are no accidents in weather events; they are all strictly controlled by positive natural laws and practically perfect forecasts may be made when we better understand these laws. I am progressing in finding their methods.

Weather features, as I have them, are: 1—Frosts. 2—The 27-day period of temperature curves. 3—Inversion of the temperature and magnetic curves and the hot wave and cold wave results. 4—Severe storms most precipitation and resulting cold waves and hot waves. 5—Tornadoes, cloud bursts, thunder storms, hail. 6—The 5½-month temperature and precipitation period. 7—Hurricanes and the floods, deep snows and cold waves resulting from them.

I expect the general precipitation of the next 30 days to be below normal. I regard, at this time, Nov. 24, that it is not advisable for farmers to sell grain or cotton nor for dealers to handle any kind of futures till we know more definitely what the results of the World Conference are to be. I also again advise that the most important crop weather and crops with in 100 years prior to middle of 1923 will occur in the northern hemisphere during 1922, and in the southern hemisphere during our Fall and Winter of 1922-23. These advices are based on well-known facts and I cannot be mistaken about them. I warn everybody to prepare for unusual, continuous crop weather and crop production events, beginning now and growing more important till the middle of 1923.

## Of Two Evils.

Mrs. Crisshaw—You must go to the dentist and have that tooth pulled. Willie—Don't say that, ma; I'd rather get in a fight and have it knocked out.—New York Sun.

## Jazz Records and Song Hits

- A2880—\$1.00  
Fi Fo Fun—One Step  
Dancing Honeymoon—Fox Trot
- A2879—\$1.00  
Just Another Kiss—W  
Ah There—Fox Trot
- A2883—\$1.00  
Mohammed—Fox Trot  
Afghanistan—Fox Trot
- A2895—\$1.00  
Ba-La-Bo—Fox Trot  
Venetian—Fox Trot
- A2898—\$1.00  
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson  
C-U-B-A—Kaufman

We ship Records all over the country.

## PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE

NEWPORT, R. I.

## Weekly Calendar DECEMBER 1921

## STANDARD TIME.

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

First quar. Dec. 7, 8:21 morning.  
Full moon, Dec. 14, 9:55 evening.  
Last quar. Dec. 21, 2:55 evening.  
New moon, Dec. 29, 4:46 morning.

## Deaths.

At U. S. Naval Hospital, Fort Lyons, Colorado, John Francis Murphy, Chief Commissary Steward, U. S. N., retired, and son of Julia and the late John Murphy.

In this city, November 28th, Corlone M. aged four months, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Saint Clair Newman, Jr.

In this city, 29th ult., Eugene S., son of Catherine and the late John Hughes.

In this city, 30th ult., Sarah T. Tiley, daughter of the late James T. Tiley and Elizabeth Rogers (Tiley) Hammett, in her 72nd year.

In this city, 30th ult., Lada Gray.

In this city, December 1st, Adeline Osborn, widow of Henry Osborn.

In New York, 28th ult., Rev. Robert Bachman, formerly rector of St. Paul's Church, Portsmouth.

In New York, 29th ult., John A. Tunsall.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 30th ult., Jennie, sister of Emma Dwyer of Newport, R. I.

In Greenwood, 29th ult., Mary A., wife of Walter A. Burgess and daughter of John and the late Margaret Dring.

Suddenly at Camden, Me., 25th ult., Arthur Bolles Patterson of Providence, son of the late Rev. George Herbert Patterson of Middletown.

## BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)  
Sunshine Club

Mrs. Elsie Stinson entertained the Sunshine Club at her home recently in honor of Mrs. Cassie Smith's birthday. Among those present were Mrs. Gertrude Dodge, Mrs. Jessie Willis, Mrs. Grace McLaren, Mrs. Daisy Willis, Miss Gladys Steadman, Mrs. Addie M. Dodge, Mrs. May Allen and Mrs. Jeannette Littlefield. Refreshments were served by the hostess.

## To Have Turkey Supper

A free turkey supper with all the accessories will be given to the members of the Block Island Athletic Association on Monday night, Dec. 5th, at the conclusion of their regular monthly business meeting in Mohegan Hall. At this festival the dues for 1922 will be collected and the new membership cards issued. A special Members' night hop, followed by a number of burlesque indoor athletic sports will follow the Banquet.

Mrs. Adelbert A. Negus is convalescing at the St. Joseph's Hospital in Providence, following a recent operation for appendicitis.

William P. Lewis has returned from a week's business trip to Washington, D. C.

Frank Mott is enjoying a two weeks' vacation on the mainland.

## Gift Shop Opens

Miss Gertrude White has opened a Gift Shop in the Steadman Manor in High street across from Masonic Hall. A very select and large assortment of fancy articles, etc., have been put on display in anticipation of the holiday patronage.

Mrs. Adelbert A. Negus is convalescing at the St. Joseph's Hospital in Providence after an operation for appendicitis.

Big Crowd Attends Market Whist

In spite of the efforts of old Judge Pluvius to empty his watering pot on old New England and Block Island Plantations in a four days session last week, the young people of Block Island donned their weather-proof bonnets and shawls last Saturday night and participated in one of the liveliest parties held this year in the Mohegan Casino.

Roast pork, Miss Loraine Sprague; pot roast, Miss Eva Grimes; variety basket, Elmer Allen; basket of fruit, George Grimes; bag of flour, Miss Mary Sheffield; Sugar, Edward Grimes; Consolations, Mrs. May Allen, J. Eugene Littlefield, 2d; Lucky Number dance, Calamity Ann and Ed. McGinty.

## Christmas Sale

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Center Methodist Church held a Christmas sale of fancy articles last Wednesday afternoon in the Enterprise Spa in the J. P. Maloff block. It had been planned to continue the sale the next day, but as the entire stock was so nearly sold out it was necessary to postpone the event to some afternoon next week.

## Vaudeville and Dance

One of the big hits of the season was scored last Wednesday night when the Sons and Daughters of Liberty presented their vaudeville and dance in Mohegan Hall before a crowd that completely taxed the seating capacity of the auditorium.

Each number on the program was a decided hit and it would be hard to choose any one bright luminary from the cast, perhaps, with the exception of Mrs. Louise Mitchell, who as a minstrel knocked the audience into a cocked hat with her rendition of "Catch 'em young and treat 'em rough." The program presented was as follows:

- 1 Piano Duet, Mrs. Ella Lockwood and Mrs. Elizabeth Maloff
- 2 Sketch, Mrs. Ray Mitchell, Mrs. Harry Rose, Mrs. Marie Sheffield, Mrs. Cornelius Rose, Miss Minerva Allen
- 3 Song and Tableau, Mrs. Cassie Smith, Mrs. Louise Mitchell
- 4 Sketch, "For Love and Honor" (Introducing the three Motts) Mary (Steadman), Merton and Chester
- 5 Minstrel Sketch, Mrs. Louise Mitchell
- 6 The Black Rock Ditty entitled "Please pass the cream" Mrs. Ray Mitchell and Clarence Lewis
- 7 Piano Duet Mrs. Elizabeth Maloff Mrs. Ella Lockwood
- 8 National Hymn Audience

At the conclusion of the performance general dancing was enjoyed and a sale of fancy articles held.

## Sunshine Notes

The regular weekly meeting of the Sunshine Club was held last Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Cassie Smith. Among those present were Mrs. Gertrude Dodge, Mrs. Addie May Dodge, Mrs. Jessie Willis, Mrs. Grace McLaren, Mrs. Elsie Stinson, Miss Gladys Steadman and Mrs. Harry Smith. Refreshments were served by the hostess.

## The Flat-Iron Club

The Flat-Iron Club, recently organized, held their first meeting last Thursday afternoon at the West Side. Seven new members were voted into the circle, but only one was initiated, it being necessary to call in a physician and two of the West Side police force before the candidate was finally subdued. The other six candidates, according to rumor, have hurriedly left the Island, leaving no forwarding address for their mail.

## Turkey Supper

Everything is all set for the big turkey supper in Mohegan Hall next Monday night, according to Merton Mott and Clarence Lewis, two of the officials of the Block Island Athletic Association. Everything is free for the members, and those wishing to join the Association are invited to come and take out a card for the ensuing year. By so doing they can join in on the slaughter of the festive bird year. By so doing they can join in on the slaughter of the festive bird and enjoy the big dance and burlesque sports following the business session.

Twelve persons were killed by automobiles in this State during the month of November. There were, fortunately, no fatal accidents reported in this County.

## FIFTY-FOUR YEARS AGO

The Newport Mercury of October, 1867, contains the following interesting items:

Masonic—Masonry was first brought to this city in the year 1658, and has always maintained a good standing, never but once having felt the shock of fanaticism, and has now seven orders, as follows:—St. John's Lodge, No. 1; Newport Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, No. 2; Washington Encampment of Knights Templars and Knights of Malta, No. 3; Rhode Island Sovereign Consistory; Rhode Island Chapter of Rose Croix; Rhode Island Council of Princes of Jerusalem; Van Rensselaer Grand Lodge of Perfection; and St. Paul's Chapter, U. D. The latter Order held an election of officers Tuesday evening and the following Companions were elected:—

High Priest, William Gray; King, Edmund J. Townsend; Scribe, Samuel T. Melville; Captain of Host, Henry J. Hudson; Principal Sojourner, Geo. W. Tew; Royal Arch Captain, James F. Robinson; Treasurer, Oliver Potter; Secretary, John W. Davis; Masters of the Veil—William Gilpin, John Myers, William J. Underwood.

Found.—On Thursday, while Mr. Job A. Peckham, Jr., was overseeing the removal of a pile of lumber on the wharf of Swinburne, Peckham & Co., he noticed a bundle, which had evidently been some time lying upon the ground under the lumber, and was greatly surprised on examining it, to find enveloped in a copy of the Newport Mercury of July 20, a large wallet with the name of James T. Potter written upon it. He took it to the loser, and it proved to be a portion of the contents of the box which had been stolen from Potter's room in the Pelham Street House, on the 30th of August last. The wallet contained his will, life insurance policy, and other papers of like character, but nothing of a pecuniary valuation. Mr. Potter's loss at the time was to the value of about \$3000.

The New York Mail says that Charles Holder of that city, received on Saturday morning last from Newport, R. I., two enormous eels. They belong to the silver eel species, and were caught in the trap with smaller sizes. The larger was four feet and six inches long, and weighed nine pounds, and the smaller four feet and weighed six pounds. This species are rarely seen so large.

Great Voyage.—The bark Java 2d, which arrived at New Bedford on Sunday last after an absence of a little over three years, brought in 1600 barrels of sperm, and 70 do. whale oil. When she left the Socorro sea, she had everything full and saw plenty of whales.

There are over seven thousand thieves in New York outside of the City Hall.

Mr. Arthur S. Koschny has purchased the interests of his brother, Alfred Koschny, in the firm of Simon Koschny's Sons and the partnership has been dissolved. The business will be carried on by the new owner. Many years ago the late Simon Koschny established the confectionery and ice cream business which he conducted until his death, and later his two sons carried it on. The new owner was brought up in the business and understands it thoroughly.

After making a thorough examination and inspection of the local theatres, Chief Kirwin has issued orders that no standing be allowed in the Strand and Bijou Theatres, and that in the Opera House and Colonial Theatre, the standing room be restricted to one row at the rear of the house on the ground floor, no standing being allowed in the balconies. This is a step in the right direction.

Speaking of spry old New England folks, a friend writes: "The dean of New England's country editors is Elias H. Cheney, owner and senior editor of the Granite Free State Press of Lebanon, N. H. Mr. Cheney, although 90 years of age, is still an active newspaper man and is at his desk every day."

Mr. Cheney, who is a brother of a former Governor of New Hampshire, visited Newport and much admired our beautiful and ancient city some years ago, as the guest of the publisher of the Mercury.

## Plant That Coughs.

Botanists have records of carnivorous plants which eat even mice; there are laughing and weeping flowers; and now, according to the Journal de la Nature, there is in the tropics a "coughing plant." Its fruit is like the common bean. It is easily aroused to anger, and what is more strange, has a horror of all kinds of dust. As soon as a few grains fall on the leaves the stomches or air cells, which are the breathing organs, fill with gas, puff out and throw off the dust with slight explosions like the cough of a child.

## Reading and Thinking.

Those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything, too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what is read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again they will not give us strength and nourishment.—John Locke.

## Mister Formerly a Title.

A man is called "Mr." for a reason that dates back to the time when men were called by their Christian names. Certain persons who had learned and practiced a trade, or "mystery," and were considered of a higher rank than common farm hands, had "mister" applied to their names as a title of respect.

## They're Generally Full-Grown.

Having read that a boy was arrested "for driving an automobile under age" we are inclined to believe that the writer did not mean to say that—Albany Journal.

## BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

For week ending November 25, 1921.  
(Prepared by U. S. Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates)

## DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS

Early in the week the holiday buying was the center of attraction, dealers buying them to the exclusion of everything else, but at the close of the latter part of the week the market for dairy products was quiet. Storage eggs and these were showing the attention being given them by advancing 2-3c with the feeling still firm. Storage, but Western eggs were in comparison with fresh receipts, and the range between them is growing much less; partly due to active speculation but more to the high prices prevailing for the latter. Storage are now averaging 40c, fresh firsts around 60c and graded lots at 72c. Hens are not as strong as receipts are increasing and dealers are seldom securing \$1.00 any more, 90-95c being the usual range.

Turkey prices finally broke as many expected they would, but the drop came too late to have much effect upon the consumer's price. Most of the birds were sold previous to Wednesday at prices averaging 55c for western and 60c for eastern, but Wednesday a heavy demand for a rush to clean up old lots and the price dropped 15c with a further reduction of 5c by Friday closing at 40-45c which applied to both western and eastern. Also went lower, going from 40-45c down to 35c and closing at 32-37c for the four and five. Fowl were easy at 32-35c, and eggs cleared around 34c. Live birds have been short but neglected at the old figures of 25-30c for either fowl or chickens.

The butter market is gaining strength slowly but has been somewhat lighter. Production and most prices are up 1-2c. Northern made goods are plentiful with only the finest commanding 45c, the bulk a bulk of 40-45c. California butter 35c. Storage butter is having more call at 37-42c.

## FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Fruit and vegetable markets showed increased activity during the first two days of this week on account of the approaching holidays. No important price changes were noted except for cauliflower and onions, which were slightly lower.

Apples remained steady. Maine No. 1 stock selling at 40-45c per barrel. Bala wins 5.60-6.00, fancy 6.50-7.50. Spies 5.00-5.50, Ben Davis 3.50-4.00, Kings 5.50-6.00. New Hampshire A grade Baldwin brought 3.50-4.00. A grade Baldwin brought 3.50-4.00. Native beets were unchanged at 50c-1.00 and carrots at 15c-1.00 a bushel. Cabbage was in light supply and firm at 2.75 a bushel for Michigan and 2.50 for State Danish and 1.75-2.25 for native white cabbage. Native Savoy cabbage brought 1.00-1.50 a barrel.

Native celery was sold in large quantities for the holiday season but supplies were somewhat too plentiful and prices remained barely steady at 1.75-2.00 a bushel for ordinary white celery, and 2.75-3.50 for fancy. Celery for the holidays was 50c lower at 1.50-2.00 a crate.

Cape Cod cranberries were in good demand and prices were up at 1.50-2.00 a crate. For Florida cranberries was poor at mostly 1.50-2.00 a crate. The first car of endive and escarole from Louisiana arrived Monday and sold at 2.00 a barrel. Native escarole was steady at 1.50-2.00, and kale at 20c-40c a bushel.

Native hothouse lettuce was firm at 50c-75c a bushel box while California iceberg lettuce was 2.00-2.50 a bushel. Onions from Spain have depressed the onion market. Connecticut Valley onions were 50c lower at 3.50-5.75 per 10 lb. sack, while Spanish onions were lower at mostly 5.00-5.50 a case.

Aroostook County potatoes were barely steady at 2.00-2.50 a 100 lb. sack for Green Mountains and 1.50-1.75 for Spaulding. Winter squash remained steady, western green Hubbard bringing 50c-60c, and fancy Maine blue Hubbard 65.00-70.00 a ton.

Nearly mothers of Maine to the number of 564 received aid the past year—under the mother's aid law, an increase of 37 over the previous year. Secretary James F. Bagley of the state board of charities and corrections announced in making public his annual report. Dr. Gertrude E. Hall, supervisor of the mother's aid work, says in her report: "The mother's aid law was passed in 1917 and revised in 1919. No change in the law was made in 1921, but the state's appropriation for aid was increased from \$50,000 to \$75,000 a year. The towns pay as much as before, so that the total annual amount of mother's aid is \$150,000 a year. This is not sufficient to aid all applicants."

The Massachusetts department of public works is just completing a record-breaking year, during which it has built 239 miles of new or reconstructed state highway, maintained 1556 miles of additional state highways, and in co-operation with towns maintained 6191 miles of local highways. Since spring the department has expended approximately \$8,000,000 in this work. Weather and labor conditions have favored the state. Since July the weather has been ideal for road-building, as there were few interruptions due to rainy days. In addition plenty of employees were available at all times, and materials were at reduced prices. As a result the cost of constructing each mile dropped to \$30,000 this year, compared with \$40,000 last year.

Nursery certification, an outgrowth of the research in leaf characters of Dr. J. K. Shaw of the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station, has been undertaken by the Massachusetts Fruit Growers' Association this Fall, and more than 3900 trees have been examined in the nursery. Dr. Shaw certified 2550 trees as being true to name, and refused to certify 267 others. He also condemned 433 younger trees, budded from the rejected stock, as being untrue to name. Thus he prevented 705 misnamed trees from being sold to fruit growers. This Fall's certification work was only a beginning. It was the first application to commercial fruit growers of Dr. Shaw's studies on the identification of trees by their leaf characters. The Massachusetts Fruit Growers' Association paid the cost of materials used and furnished the equipment for the work.

Representative health officials from various sections of New England met in the health department office at City Hall, Boston, and agreed upon a schedule of minimum requirements for proper sanitation in processing plants, receiving stations and distributing plants handling the New England milk supply. This was the third such meeting since the agreement among these officials to organize into what is now known as the New England city and town milk council to prevent duplication of municipal inspection of milk supplies and enforce sanitation.

Evidence said to substantiate the claim of Mrs. George F. Murray of Lynn, Mass., that she is the daughter of Christine Nilsson, the opera singer who died recently in Sweden, and that she was born in Worcester while her mother was on a concert tour, has been found in the Worcester birth records in the city clerk's office.



## DR. JOHN A. MOREHEAD

Helping Polish Farmers  
to Get on Their Feet.

Dr. John A. Morehead, European Commissioner for the National Lumber Council of America, who has established a chain of small farm loan banks in Poland.

FRANCE GIVEN STERN  
WARNING BY CURZON

Declares It Is Not for One to Submit to Sacrifices, While Another Passes Them By.

London.—One of the most outspoken warnings ever addressed by the foreign minister of one nation to another friendly nation was delivered publicly at a luncheon by Marquis Curzon of Kedleston to France. The British foreign minister declared that if France pursued an isolated and individual policy she would not in the long run injure Germany and would fail to protect herself.

It was a warning couched, if anything, in plainer terms than a similar speech delivered by Premier Lloyd George last May, at the time when France was proceeding to the occupation of Germany's Ruhr towns, which created such a tremendous sensation.

The foreign minister bluntly reminded France that her safety lay not in her own strength but in the confidence of the world, and he cautioned France that she could not succeed by a revengeful policy toward Germany, or be permitted by isolated action to frustrate the nations' work at Washington.

Lord Curzon's address was directed primarily to the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament and Far Eastern questions, but it was clearly an intimation to France of the effect of that country's attitude toward disarmament. It also applied with equal force to the French policy in the Near East.

Alluding to the new struggling nations which have arisen from the ashes of Germany, Austria and Turkey, Lord Curzon said:

We, as one of the great powers, are largely responsible for the creation of these new nations. Therefore, it devolves upon us to do our best to curb their rivalry, help their progress and make them instruments not of renewed disturbance and warfare but of future peace.

WORLD'S NEWS IN  
CONDENSED FORM

LONDON.—Pessimistic predictions are the order of the day in regard to the Irish conference, which is variously described as "on the point of breaking up," or "bound to break down," but there is not likely to be any definite development in the situation before Sir James Craig makes a statement to the Ulster Parliament.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The United States destroyer Williamson has arrived at the Port of Mersin, Asia Minor, to aid in the protection of American interests. It is declared that it is not for the purpose of evacuating the minority populations.

LONDON.—Lady Astor opened exhibition of American architecture in Royal Institute.

LONDON.—Unless the Washington armament conference reaches a decision regarding naval limitation within the next two weeks Great Britain will resume building of battleships.

LONDON.—Announcement was made by the Marconi company of the successful sending for the first time of a series of test messages by wireless from Carnarvon, Wales, direct to Australia. The distance by air line is about 7,000 nautical miles, or more than 8,000 land miles.

FEKIN.—The financial crisis which threatened the stability of the Chinese government has been averted temporarily through remittances from provincial military governors totalling 7,000,000 taels (somewhere between \$3,500,000 and \$5,000,000).

NEW YORK.—S. Stanwood Menken was elected President of the National Security League at a meeting of the directors. Booth Tarkington was elected to the board.

BERLIN.—The police have issued a prohibition against all processions or other open air demonstrations because of the recent food riots.

Mrs. Mable Downer, 35, of Essex, Vt., during a fit of temporary insanity drowned her five-year-old son Gardner, by holding his head in a tub of water and then attempted to kill herself by jumping into Browns river. She was rescued by her husband.

PLAN ANNUAL  
WORLD PARLEY

American Officials Confident  
Conference Will Remove  
Obstacles to Peace.

TO EXPAND CONFERENCE

Approval of Small Nations Is Sought.  
Reported That Germany May Be  
Invited to Later Gatherings  
of Parley.

Washington.—The United States government is about to set on foot a movement to bring out of the armament conference a system of similar but broader annual conferences to deal with the troubles of the world.

President Harding intends not only to make the present meeting the occasion for an effort to continue such gatherings but he also has in mind the calling of other nations to the present conference near its close and inviting them to approve what has been done. This would include Germany.

Such an announcement was made at the White House. It represents the intention of the administration to carry out the Republican platform plank advocating an association of nations for conference, and a world court. This was offered in the place of the League of Nations.

President Harding has had talks with leading delegates of the important nations in which it is said there was broached the subject of his association of nations for conference under a looser kind of arrangement than the covenant of the League of Nations. It is the belief of the administration that these delegates, some of whom are important leaders of the league, do not look with disfavor upon the idea.

Among the delegates to the conference are Arthur James Balfour, who was head of the British delegation to the Assembly of the League; Rene Viviani, chief of the French League delegation; Senator Shauver, head of the Italian delegation to Geneva; Jonkhoeer Van Karnebeck, president of the recent Assembly, and Wellington Koo, chief of the Chinese League delegation.

The administration believes the method followed in getting the present conference together points the way. First, the five allied powers were invited to the conference to discuss disarmament and then when the agenda were made to include Far Eastern matters, four other interested nations were invited. The conference is studying regulation of airplanes, poison gas and revision of the laws of war. These affect all nations, and it is the idea of the White House that the "made in America" league or association would become a reality if all nations were invited toward the end of the conference to sanction what had been done.

As difficulties would probably arise under the policy of every nation to press its special position, the opportunity would come for urging the advisability of another conference to carry on the work. Furthermore, it has now become evident that only a partial progress can be made toward unshackling China at this conference since what the powers will do in the application of the Root "principles" depends on what the Chinese government shows itself able to do in the future. Therefore, there is room in the Far East situation for pressing the advisability of further conferences.

The greatest result of the present conference will be the recognition of the fact that real army reduction must wait on the restoration of stability in Europe. Therefore, next year or the year after, or some other year, a conference can discuss land disarmament.

None of the League leaders here would discuss the program of President Harding. It presents, in its relation to the League, an array of problems as perplexing as the Chinese puzzle. Obviously, the advice of their governments must be obtained before they can take a positive position. However, the indications are that the American proposal for annual conference of the nations will not be turned down.

## HIROHITO JAPAN'S REGENT

Emperor Is Too Ill to Take Active Part  
in Ruling Country.

Tokio.—Crown Prince Hirohito has been designated Regent of Japan. An imperial rescript making the announcement was issued by Emperor Yoshihito.

Changes in the make up of the Imperial household, including the retirement of Prince Yamagata from his position as Chief of the Privy Council, are predicted by the newspapers in their latest issues.

## NEW RECORD FOR STRIKES

Wage Earners Incurring Losses of  
\$4,000,000,000 a Year.

Washington.—Wage earners throughout the United States are incurring losses at the rate of \$4,000,000,000 a year as a result of strikes and lock-outs and deliberate absenteeism from their tasks, according to data collected by officials of several government departments. Despite widespread unemployment, this year will establish a new record for strikes, officials of the Labor Department foresee.

The Lynn, Mass., shoe manufacturers' association declined a proposition submitted by the joint council of the United Shoe Workers of America for a two months' trial of a wage cut of 20 per cent while the union should conduct a searching investigation into the Lynn shoe industry.

## LADY BORDEN

Canadian Premier's Wife—  
A Beauty of the North.

Lady Borden is the wife of Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, premier of Canada, who represents the Dominion at the conference on limitation of armament.

ALL INDIA STIRRED  
BY MOPLAH DISASTER

Native Newspapers Liked Suffo-  
cations to the Black Hole of  
Calcutta Tragedy.

London.—The suffocation of sixty-four Moplah prisoners recently while being transferred in a closed railway wagon in India has created a profound sensation among the natives, says a Madras dispatch to the Times.

The Times correspondent says that examination of the railway wagon showed that the ventilating panels had been recently painted, this partially closing their mesh. The Moplahs were imprisoned in the cars five hours on their journey from Tirur to Bellary without examination, and the first intimation of disaster was when the conductor went to give them water. He found many of them dead, and the remainder unconscious.

Only thirty-six of the one hundred in the vehicle survived.

There was evidence of a fierce struggle for life, the dying prisoners having severely bitten one another in their desperate fight for air.

The Moplahs are all said to have been weak from malaria when entrained after a sojourn of three months in the jungle, and this is given as a probable contributing cause of the deaths.

The native newspapers are comparing the incident with that of the Black Hole of Calcutta in 1756, when Suraj-ud-Dowlah, the rajah of Bengal, imprisoned 148 Europeans all night in a guardroom measuring eighteen feet by fourteen feet, ten inches, and with but two tiny windows, with the result that all but twenty-three died before morning.

LATEST EVENTS  
AT WASHINGTON

Gradual abolition of extraterritorial rights in China was agreed to "in principle" by the armament conference, and an exhaustive examination of the Chinese judicial system was decided to determine how rapidly the change can be accomplished.

Instruction to navy recruiting officers to accept no new applicants followed the discovery that last week the enlistments considerably exceeded the discharges, causing a "surplus." General recruiting will be resumed as soon as this surplus has been wiped out, it was said.

Admiral Baron Kato, spokesman for Japan at the big conference, cabled Tokio conveying advice that his Government must retreat from the position that Mutsu be retained.

Although a new revenue law is now on the statute books agitation for a further revision will be commenced at once by individuals and organizations dissatisfied with the measure signed by President Harding.

Senator King, of Utah, made an unsuccessful effort to obtain action on his resolution for an investigation of the dye lobby.

President Harding will not again urge Congress to pass the railroad funding bill, under which he could have sold hundreds of millions of dollars of railroad securities to the War Finance Corporation, it was authoritatively declared at the White House. House passed the deficiency appropriation bill carrying approximately \$104,000,000, which now goes to the senate.

Officials of the Prohibition Bureau of the Treasury are considering the Willis-Campbell anti-beer bill, which recently was submitted to the President for his signature.

Police officers in New Haven, Conn., are to carry their service revolvers in holsters strapped at the waist in full view. Chief Philip Smith inclines to the Western view of the use of a revolver which is that when it is needed mightily quick.

END OF PACIFIC  
ALLIANCE SEEN

Anglo-Japanese Pact Believed  
Futile as Far East Solution  
Looms at Washington.

BRITISH ARE MUCH GRATIFIED

Australia Sees Need of an "Agreement"  
to Protect Her Interests—Alliance  
Is Melting Away—British  
for Ending It.

Washington.—With limitation of naval armament in an advanced stage of progress, events are marching fast in the co-ordinate branch of the conference—Pacific and Far Eastern questions. The overpowering issue of them all—the Anglo-Japanese alliance—is in process of solution without the world's attention as much as having been drawn to the fact.

Any day, according to information which became available, it may be revealed that the alliance, for all practical purposes, is considered by both contracting parties null and void. It will die a natural death. It will expire automatically and peacefully without the bringing of a diplomatic shot from any quarter.

That is the amazing situation brought about by the rapidly unfolding American-Chinese program for regulation of Asiatic problems. It is too early to acclaim it as a triumph for American diplomacy. Events have developed in a direction agreeable to the United States rather than in consequence of any systematic plan to bring them about.

Undoubtedly the American delegation at the conference now will be spared the unpleasant task of declaring at some psychological moment that the Anglo-Japanese alliance is inimical to American interests. The United States was fully prepared to take such action. Both Great Britain and Japan are aware of American hostility to the alliance. Their only doubt has been when and under what circumstances its abrogation would be called for.

As matters stand, it will not have to be called for. The alliance is melting away under the white heat of the logical, concrete, irresistible program of the United States, first, in the realm of naval limitation, and, secondly, in combination with China, in the sphere of Far Eastern affairs.

No outraged emotions are likely to be aroused in either British or Japanese breasts by the subtle but steady trend of events in Washington.

The essential trade privileges of Great Britain and Japan will be guaranteed by the eight-power agreement into which they themselves are about to join hands with America, France, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Portugal. The naval security of Great Britain and Japan will be cordoned and sanctified by the tripartite agreement for fixation of armament at sea, proposed by the United States and about to be accepted by them all.

So much of vital moment is destined to spring from the Washington conference that it is difficult to foreshadow what particular achievement will stand forth as the outstanding one. But by those who discern international good in a closer rapprochement among the English-speaking nations the impending dissolution of the Anglo-Japanese alliance may be regarded the conference's piece de resistance.

## WILDCAT PINES FOR

Lonesome and Disconsolate, Awaits in  
Zoo Marshall's Return.

New York.—A lonesome and disconsolate little wildcat, up at the Bronx Zoo, is refusing to be consoled for the loss of its master—Marshall Foch, now enroute in the American Legion's special train for his last swing around the country. At any rate, this is the theory advanced by its resourceful keepers as the solution for the old problem of what makes a wildcat wild.

It took all the diplomacy of the Legion's reception committee to handle the ticklish situation. But they couldn't very well keep the Marshall at the Zoo, and they couldn't keep a rapidly maturing wildcat on a keep a rapidly maturing wildcat on a veritable; the gift of the untamed kitten had to be left behind.

Volta! C. W. Pugsley, assistant secretary of agriculture, and Dean Emeritus Sarah Louise Arnold of Simmons College, will be among the speakers at the ninth annual conference of county and state extension workers at Amherst, Mass., Dec. 6, 7 and 8.

TROUBLED WITH  
DANDRUFF YEARS

Also Pimples, Hair Thin and  
Fell Out. Cuticura Heals.

"After an attack of typhoid fever, pimples and dandruff appeared on my scalp and caused it to itch. My hair became thin and constantly fell and combed out, and the dandruff scaled off and could be seen on my clothing."

"The trouble lasted three or four years. I tried remedies but found no cure in them. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after I had used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap I was healed." (Signed) Thomas A. Maguire, 16 Lamsom St., East Boston, Mass., July 9, 1920.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Takum for all itchy purposes. Sample Pack Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. H, Malden, Mass." Sold every-where. Soap 25c. Ointment 50c. Box 1.00. Cuticura Soap shaves without razor.

## The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.

INCORPORATED 1819

## DEPOSITS

October 14, 1920	October 14, 1921	Increase
\$11,413,606.69	\$12,170,081.74	\$756,475.06

At 4 1/2% per annum

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

## BANK YOUR DOLLARS WEEKLY

with the Industrial Trust Company—then you know that they are safe and constantly growing at interest. What you accumulate now provides comforts for your later years.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST  
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EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

## SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 1/2 Thames Street Branch, 16 Broadway

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CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY  
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Filled

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

## PARAGRAPHS FOR

## THE NEW ENGLANDER

## Mews of General Interest

## From the Six States

Damages of \$1 were assessed for Bion E. G. Noble of Portland, Me., in a \$1000 trespass suit brought against John F. Kelley of Uram. The case had been on trial in superior court nearly a week. Mr. Noble claimed that Kelley cut off his land in Baldwin and cut off 30,000 feet of lumber. Jurors deliberated five hours on voluminous evidence and then returned a scaled verdict.

There is a likelihood that there will be a second New Gloucester entrant in the elimination races off next Fall for the honor of contending for the International Fisherman's Cup. Capt. Clayton Morrissey, one of the best-known masters of Gloucester, has accepted a design by McManus, the Boston marine architect, for a fishing schooner the water line length of which will approximate 105 feet.

Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow, the second and last surviving son of the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, died last week at the Hotel Touraine, Boston, after a protracted period of ill health. He was 76 years old the day before his death. Mr. Longfellow was born Nov. 23, 1845, his mother being Frances Appleton Longfellow. He was graduated from the Lawrence Scientific School (Harvard) with the degree S. B. in 1865.

## BRITISH FINANCIERS HOPE

Counting Heavily on Results From  
Arms Conference.

Washington.—British financial circles are placing great hope in the limitation of armament conference, according to a statement on conditions in England, made public by the Commerce Department. Substantial reduction in military and naval expenditure seems to be the only method by which Great Britain can obtain a budget surplus in 1922, it is stated by the highest government authorities.

## HARDING SIGNS BEER BILL

Act Prohibits Its Prescription as  
Medicine.

Washington.—President Harding signed the anti-medical beer bill. The new law, which prohibits physicians prescribing beer as medicine, provides also that not more than one-fourth gallon of vinous or spiritous liquors, separately or in the aggregate containing more than one-half pint of alcohol, may be prescribed in ten days and that physicians shall be limited to 100 prescriptions for liquor in 90 days.



## The Golden Missal

By KATE EDMONDS.

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"A magnificent wedding gift," muttered Miss Rocket as her wrinkled white hands grasped the quaint steel casket and bore it to her own chintz-hung sitting room.

The English solicitor for the Boothbys of Scarrow looked very scornful as he went down the stone steps of the stately mansion where Agatha Rocket lived with her orphan niece, Sylvia. He knew the Rocket's were very rich—so many Americans were rich—and that Andrew Boothby's marriage to Sylvia was purely a love match and that the young people were to go to Canada and begin their married life on Andrew's ranch there. He knew all these things, and he guessed that Miss Agatha Rocket was a turf hunter, and he marvelled how she had ever wheedled Andrew's sole remaining relative, Sir Angus Boothby of Scarrow, into parting with the family heirloom, the Golden Missal. It was a wedding gift to Andrew and his bride, but if they had waited it would have come to them anyway. But Agatha had wanted it to flaunt in the faces of her hundred dear friends. It was so old, so mysterious, so precious!

Alone in her sitting room Agatha thought of the triumph before her—all her weary years of climbing the social ladder were worth the moment when she could display the Golden Missal among Sylvia's wedding gifts. It was such a wonderful thing—it was concerned with English history—an old abbot had written dark secrets on ivory tablets and inserted the sheets in the pages of the ancient mass book. It had then been bound in thin leaves of gold and sealed with a great seal,



Lifted Out the Package.

and no one knew the contents save the old abbot, who had been dead for centuries.

Agatha Rocket fairly quaked as she turned the rusted little key in the lock and lifted out the package, wrapped in gold brocade that a king had worn; the precious relic of a patrician race was in her hands and she looked raptly around as if she expected Sir Angus to snatch it from her alien hands. It was a small flat book, bound between covers of thin, beaten gold. The golden clasp was sealed with a splash of red wax, and Agatha blushed as she visualized Sir Angus' grim satisfaction as he finally sealed it against her inquisitive eyes. The secrets guarded there would still be secrets huddled close to the hearts of the Boothbys, even the rich aunt of Andrew's bride dared not touch.

Dared not? Her hands shook as she hurriedly wrapped the book and thrust it into the casket, locking it securely. Temptation was very near the proud woman, who had always reached out and grasped all that she needed—all she wanted; she had eluded love, for he came in humble dress in other days, and now love eluded her, save that of Sylvia—and there would be Sylvia's children some day. The thought gladdened her—thrilled her.

Then the steel casket containing the Golden Missal confronted her. There was a taste of the bitterness of failure in the sight of it. How she had planned about it; the newspapers would write articles about it; the pictorial supplements would feature it; her own picture would be there, and Sylvia's, probably Andrew's. If that conservative young Briton would consent, which was doubtful. Agatha wished she could detect publicity as Sylvia and Andrew did! But she loved it. "Here's auntie," noted Sylvia's voice, and she came, bringing Andrew. He was a tall, lean, brown young man, very much in love. He bent over and kissed Miss Rocket's cheek.

"Jove!" he exclaimed. "If you haven't got the family skeleton!" "Your uncle sent it to you and Sylvia," she explained lamely. "It's the Golden Missal—of course you know all about it."

Andrew shook his head. "Harris shot it often, and it was the cover of the book that he had."

In something that isn't to be opened or read," he said practically. Agatha gasped. "Not to be opened? Didn't your uncle—your people—"

He laughed carelessly. "Never heard of anyone bothering with it. The old abbot wrote it and then forbade anyone to read what he had written—"

matter of family honor to leave the seal unbroken—rather decent of my uncle to intrust it to us!"

"I wish we could send it back—the proper place for it is in the vault at the 'Towers' up in our farm house," said Sylvia.

"Right," agreed Andy. "Come, darling, perhaps those detectives will let us look at the wedding gifts."

They went away, so absorbed in their own love, their joy in being together, that they forgot Aunt Agatha sitting there with the heirloom in her satin lap. How little they cared for the hoarded history, for the money awaiting them. The golden glory of their love was blinding! Agatha hid the casket in her safe and hurried downstairs after Sylvia and Andy. They saw her coming, a tiny lady with snowy hair and wistful eyes, and opening their arms, went on, taking her between them, shielding some of that golden glory over her, warning her until the clink of money, pride of place vanished and the Golden Missal was forgotten.

Among the wedding gifts it was conspicuous by its absence.

## BEFORE THE DAY OF STEAM

Progress Was Naturally Extremely Slow and Travelers Suffered Much Inconvenience.

The stage coach was little better than a huge covered box mounted on springs. John B. McMaster writes in his "History of the People of the United States." It had neither glass windows nor door, nor steps, nor closed sides. The roof was upheld by eight posts, which rose from the body of the vehicle and the body was commonly breast high. From the top were hung curtains of leather, to be drawn up when the day was fine and let down when it was rainy and cold. Within were four seats. Without was the baggage. Fourteen pounds of luggage were allowed to be carried free by each passenger. But if his portmanteau, or his brass nail studded hair trunk weighed more he paid for it at the same rate per mile as he paid for himself. Under no circumstances, however, could he be permitted to take with him on the journey more than 150 pounds. When the baggage had all been weighed and strapped on the coach, when the horses had been attached and the way bill made out, the 11 passengers were summoned and, clambering to their seats through the front of the stage, sat down with their faces toward the driver's seat. On routes where no competition existed progress was slow.

## Airplanes Used to Fight Floods.

The floods in New South Wales, Australia, which inundated hundreds of square miles, were fought by airplane. The great rivers spread far beyond their banks and many towns were isolated. In former years casual communication was attempted between towns by boats, but in outlying ranches there was frequently hardship and loss of life. The airplane has changed that. Owing to the flat and open country it is able to land wherever the ground is not covered with water. Mails can be carried regularly to towns and homesteads. Recently thousands of sheep were saved by an aviator from starvation. They were cut off on a ridge several miles from Mungindi and their owner reported he was unable to get feed to them. An airplane was dispatched with a large amount of maize on succeeding days, keeping the sheep alive until the water subsided.

## Another Falsehood.

The prisoner came before the bar with the bored air of the hardened offender. The judge looked down at him and paused for words. His face wore a look of disgust.

"Jinks, this is the nineteenth time you have appeared here to answer to a charge of petty larceny. You're absolutely hopeless, and I can't see what I'm going to do with you. Have you anything to say for yourself?" "Yes, sir, judge," the prisoner has tended to reply. "You see, it was this way, I—"

"It's no use!" the judge interrupted. "It doesn't make any difference how you want to tell it. I wouldn't believe your statement if you swore to it on a stack of Bibles."

There was a moment's awed silence. Then the prisoner smiled craftily.

"Judge," he stated, "I plead guilty!"

## Where Word "Farm" Came From.

Much of the history of civilization is condensed and enclosed in the word "farm." When the world as we know it was young, lands were let to the tiller on condition of furnishing to the lord so many nights' entertainment or feasts. These feasts were called "ferias" in Anglo-Saxon, "ferma" in low Latin and "ferme" in old French. From this word, designating a rental, the land so rented was named, and the word underwent the change to its present form in the English language. It took many centuries for the farmer to become his own master. He became his own master by becoming master of the land he cultivated.

## Much Gasoline Wasted.

Experiments made by the United States bureau of mines show that nearly one-quarter of all the gasoline used by motor vehicles is wasted in unnecessary idling, on account of the engine's consumption of the carburetor.

## Free's Winter Plans.

The cabin tree has a way all its own in getting ready for winter, says the American Forestry Magazine. It places three leaves in a whorl and then at a little distance above there is another whorl so placed that the leaves will cover the spaces between the leaves below. In winter we cannot see these leaves, but the leaf scars show where they were and the buds just above add certainty to their location. If we find a tree with the buds arranged in this way on the vigorous shoots we may be assured it is one of the two species of catalpa.

## KEEP AN ACCOUNT

Writer Points Out Value of "Putting It Down."

Inevitably Leads to Efficiency and System in the Management of One's Personal Affairs.

"Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the value of keeping an accurate record of all personal expenditures. To the average busy person it may seem a needless waste of time to keep an account of every penny spent. Yet some of the most successful men and women of our day find it worth while to keep a record of each item of personal expense.

Every business concern keeps an accounting of all pennies received and spent. To do otherwise would be to invite failure, for it would mean the introduction of careless, slipshod methods.

If such rigid care is necessary to the success of a business organization, there is even more need of efficiency and system in the administration of one's personal affairs, for with the individual, thrift means not only the saving of money, but it means the development of character, clean morals, wholesome living, education, progress and the fulfillment of human destiny. The foundation of thrift is system. Hence it should not be practiced intermittently.

If you are endeavoring to save a little money and you have not adopted the rule of keeping an accurate daily record of your expenses, you will find that by the adoption of a budget system your success will be made doubly easy and you will be amazed at the difference it will make in the amount of money you can save. A few pennies or a few dollars wasted here and there do not seem to amount to much at the time they are spent. But when the record of these unwarranted extravagances goes down in cold figures so that you can thus look back over a period of time and trace the black trail of your thriftlessness, the matter is presented in a much more graphic and impressive manner.

No man in the history of our country has done more big things than Benjamin Franklin. In the realm of statesmanship, finance, science and literature, he has occupied a position of the most profound importance. His influence is felt by each of us in our daily lives today. Yet Benjamin Franklin, by his own testimony, owed much of his success in life to the fact that he worked systematically and kept an accurate account of all his personal transactions, no matter how trivial.—By W. S. Straus, President American Society for Thrift.

## Iron From Rust.

It is oxide of iron that gives to your blood its brilliant red color. If blood contained no iron, all men and women would look like walking corpses.

Nowhere in nature is iron found in a "native" or pure state. It occurs only in the form of oxides—that is to say, as iron rust. Man's greatest triumph was achieved when he discovered how to "undo" iron rust and get the iron out of it. But for that, our civilization today would be no further advanced than that of ancient Egypt or Assyria.

Edwin E. Slosson, in his remarkable new book, "Creative Chemistry," says that every year the blast furnaces of the world release 72,000,000 tons of iron from its oxides; and every year one-fourth of that quantity reverts to rust. Should man cease his efforts in this direction for a generation, there would be little left to show that he had ever learned to extract iron from its ores.

## Reconstructing War Areas.

Alfred H. Wagg, developer and former president of the New York State association of Real Estate Boards, who recently returned from Europe after a long stay, says that the efforts being made by the French and Belgians to reconstruct the war areas are wonderful in view of the seemingly insurmountable difficulties that are being overcome.

Cities are being built under scientific town planning, and the old ruinous purpose of the people is to build finer and more substantial towns and cities, superior in plan and construction to those that were destroyed.

The housing of the European working class is poor and woefully inadequate, Mr. Wagg says. The American standard of housing for its workers is very superior to that of Europe.

## The Mighty Peanut.

More than two-million acres in this country were planted with peanuts last year. The demand for them is increasing by leaps and bounds. They are one of the most nutritious foods known to man. One pound of them (shelled) contains nearly half a pound of fat and a quarter of a pound of protein, both high grade and readily digestible. For running the body machine they are three times as efficient as an equal weight of beef and five times as efficient as an equal weight of eggs.—The Argonaut.

## Chicago's Waste Paper.

So enormous is Chicago's waste-paper supply, that a double-unit, \$2,000,000 paper mill which will use it for making newsprint, has been planned. The estimated capacity of the plant will be from 10,000 to 15,000 tons annually. Contracts have been made between large waste-paper collecting agencies and the new concern for the supply.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

It is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred, too.—George Elliot.

## Hookworm Infection In Brazil.

More than 99 per cent. of the population of rural Brazil over six years of age is infected with hookworm.

## BEN JONSON FIRST LAUREATE

British Custom of Honoring Famous Writer Had Its Beginning With Charles I.

The British custom of honoring a famous writer with the title of "Poet Laureate," which is supposed to confer upon him absolute supremacy in the world of letters, had its beginning with Charles I, who in 1617, elevated Ben Jonson to the post of court poet.

It may be said that during Tennyson's time the distinction really reached its highest meaning, for since then the royal choice has fallen upon men whose colleagues in the field of poetry are by no means inclined to acknowledge the selection as being indisputable.

Not so long ago a British author, disgruntled because the honor did not come to him and quite sure that his successful rival did not deserve it, published a lengthy article on the origin of the title.

Through a maze of historical quotations, and after making his claim that Ben Jonson was not the first poet laureate because even Richard the Lion Hearted had a "court poet," he argued that the original poet laureates were the king's jesters, because most of their quips were presented in extemporaneous rhyme.

What he tried to prove, of course, was that in order to be made poet laureate today, a poet has to be a sycophant and a fool, but less interested deliverers into the past of the office still insist that Ben Jonson was the first to properly bear the title.

## LOCUST SCOURGE IN FRANCE

In Year 872 Clouds of Insects Invaded Country and Devoured 140 Acres of Vegetation Every Day.

"About the year of our Lord 872," one reads in Wanley's Wonders, "came into France such an innumerable company of locusts that the number of them darkened the very light of the sun; they were of extraordinary bigness, had a sixfold order of wings, six feet and two teeth, the hardness whereof surpassed that of stone. These ate up every green thing in all the fields of France. At last, by the force of the winds, they were carried into the sea (the Baltic) and there drowned, after which, by the agitation of the waves, the dead bodies of them were cast upon upon the shores; and from the stench of them (together with the famine they had made with their former devouring) there arose so great a plague that it is verily thought every third person in France died of it."

These locusts devoured in France, on an average every day, 140 acres of vegetation, and their daily marches, or distances of flight, were computed at 20 miles.

## WASHING WITH ASHES.

Soap, as we know it today, is quite a modern invention. It consists chiefly of two ingredients—ash and oil.

Our ancestors used the two separately. Wood ash was employed for the preliminary scrubbing, and when this was finished the body was rubbed down with olive oil. This custom is almost as old as the hills. You must have wondered why people in the Bible so often referred to oil running down from a person's head to his feet. This is the reason.

The old custom of using ash still remains in some parts of Switzerland, where clothes are cleansed by being boiled in water containing a large amount of the white ash of wood.

## THE EGOTIST.

"There's no question that Bill has a pretty high opinion of himself. He thinks he is one man in a thousand."

"Not if I know him, he doesn't—he thinks he's the other 999."—Boston Transcript.

## THE LOVER.

"You know, love laughs at locksmiths!"

"Thereby proving that love isn't such a serious matter after all!"—Wayside Tales.

## JUST SO.

"Your husband says he works like a dog."

"Just about. A dog puts in a lot of time fooling around over nothing."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Overestimate Themselves.

Most of those who claim that the world owes them a living are inclined to insist on living high.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## FLY CARRIES HIS OWN GLUE

Secret of How He Can Alight on Ceiling and Walk Upside Down as Easily as on Ground.

Have you ever wondered how it is that a fly can alight on a ceiling and walk upside down just as easily as we walk on the ground?

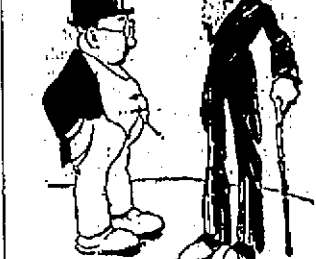
Some books say that the fly is provided with small sharp hooks which are able to hold on to the slight roughness of the ceiling's surface; others state that each foot has a hollow pad which acts like a schoolboy's leather "sucker." Neither of these explanations is correct.

Examine a fly's foot through a magnifying glass and you will find that it is covered with fine hairs. At the end of the foot you will see amidst the mass of hairs two little pads shaped like tiny pears. At first these were thought to be the suckers, but we know now that they act in quite a different way.

Each of the pads contains a supply of a sticky substance; when a fly alights on the ceiling every one of his twelve pads—has a pair on each of his six legs—excretes a tiny drop of glue, which holds the numerous hairs that fringe each foot. The fly thus glues his feet to the ceiling, or to any smooth substance on which he walks.

## CHANCE TO MISUNDERSTAND

But "Tipperary" Will Be Dear to British Hearts for Many Generations to Come.



"How's your old father?" "He's in heaven now." "So? I'm very grieved to hear that."

## WESTMINSTER REBUILT OFTEN.

One must go back to the Seventeenth century to locate the architect who erected the first structure bearing the name of Westminster Abbey, so many times has it been changed and rebuilt. Probably not one stone of the original edifice is now in place. The architect of the first abbey was St. Sebort, king of Essex.

Edward the Confessor repaired the abbey during 1065-65, but his work did not withstand the tooth of time, and in 1220 Henry III gave orders for a complete restoration.

In 1809 the ecclesiastical authorities of London made a complete job of the reconstruction of all the dilapidated parts and this work consumed many years under the direction of a builder named Wyatt.

G. G. Scott, the great British architect, restored the chapter house in later years and it was reopened in 1872. He also supervised the repairs and this, considered the most difficult work this expert had ever attempted, was completed in November, 1881.

## JUVENILE LOGIC.

The teacher had been explaining fractions to her class. When she had discussed the subject at length, wishing to see how much light had been shed, she inquired:

"Now, Bobby, which would you rather have, one apple or two halves?"

The little chap promptly replied:

"Two halves."

"Oh, Bobby," exclaimed the young woman, a little disappointedly, "why would you prefer two halves?"

"Because then I could see if it was bad inside."—London Opinion.

## SUPERIOR ASSUMPTION.

"I understand you have told your wife to throw the ouija board into the woodbox."

"Yes, I'm not going to have any such superstitious nonsense deciding questions around my house. When I come to a point where I can't make up my mind what to do I simply flip a coin."—Toronto Sunday World.

## PASS THE CAKES.

Mother—Johnny, if you eat any more cakes you'll burst.

Johnny—Well, pass the cakes, mother, and get out of the way.

## Why, Papa Would Consent.

Miss Banks (to her father's cashier)—I don't believe, dear, that papa will give his consent.

Cashier—Oh, yes, he will after he has examined the books. He'll want to keep the money in the family.—Boston Transcript.

## MISTRESS OF HIGH FINANCE

One Feels That Indianapolis Woman's Abilities Are Almost Wasted in Her Home.

Some wives are real business women and their husbands are the only ones who do not know it. But Indianapolis holds one who recently proved her business ability to her husband. Now, she had, ever since their marriage, charged things and he had paid the bills, but when he learned that her charges were growing weekly he decided to try a new plan. He went to her. "Now, Ellen," he said, "I'm going to try a new plan. Half of my salary is yours and half mine. Well, each spend just what is necessary and see which can have the most money in the bank at the end of the year."

Delightfully the wife agreed. At the end of the first month she announced her bank balance and her husband was delighted at its size. The next month it was still larger and he was more delighted. But when the third month brought the statement that she had saved more than her half of the money his pleasure knew no bounds. Half fearfully he went after his own statement. What would he do if her bank account now was higher than his—the man who prided himself on his economy?

Then he found that he had no balance. First horror, then amusement and then something indescribable followed his discovery for that condition of affairs existing. His wife had diligently drawn out his savings (they had a double checking account) and applied them to the next month's expenses and saved her own share.—Indianapolis News.

## SONG SLOW TO WIN FAVOR

But "Tipperary" Will Be Dear to British Hearts for Many Generations to Come.

"It's a Long Way to Tipperary" was written in 1911 by Jack Judge, a singer to the English music halls and of pure Irish blood. A friend, Harry Williams, assisted him in the work; but virtually words and music are Mr. Judge's own. He carried the manuscript from publisher to publisher without success, until in 1912 he tried the London house of B. Feldman & Co. Bert Feldman liked the piece and was willing to publish it if Mr. Judge would agree to certain minor changes. One was the repetition of the word "long" and another was the lengthening of the third syllable of the word "Tipperary"—both toward the end of the chorus. Mr. Judge consented and the song was published, as it also had been written, with not a thought that it would become, two years later, a marching song of soldiers in a great war, and so known wherever English is "said" or "sung." At first the song had only a slight sale. But Mr. Feldman kept his confidence, and, as the story goes, one day when the composer was depicting the cool reception of the piece at Edinburgh, the publisher said to him:

"Take my word for it, that not only Edinburgh but all the world will one day ring with your song."

And it did. "Tipperary" will never be forgotten by the English. It has no inner meaning dear to them.

## The Divine Sarah Bernhardt.

Among the many distinctions of the Divine, Sarah is that of having impersonated death more frequently than any other artist on record. Some years ago a devotee calculated the number of death scenes in which Madame Bernhardt had played, and computed that her deaths by self-administered poison numbered over 10,000. Her leaps into a scene Seine over 7,000, and her suicides by revolver shots over 5,000. The realism of her acting in such scenes utterly overwhelmed the Sultan, Abdul Hamid. Once, and once only did she play before him in the private theater at Constantinople, when he left his seat and declared he never again wished to see a woman who imitated death so realistically.

## Forgot the Rules.

A Greek who had been in this country four years and heard many stories about hunting rabbits, decided he wished to go hunting. He found an American who would take him. The Greek thought it great sport. He played dog and "scared" out the rabbits and the American boy shot them.

After a while the Greek wished to try his luck at shooting, so the American showed him how to handle the shotgun.

"They scared up a rabbit," the Greek put the gun to his shoulder, but did not shoot.

The American exclaimed: "Why don't you shoot?"

The Greek replied: "I forgot which eye you have to squeeze."

## Rope and Telephone Wires.

Rope from ships that have sailed the seven seas—that has been tied to every port in the world—ends its career by guarding the nation's telephone conversation.

From junk rope is made the high grade of paper which insulates every wire in a piece of telephone cable. Over 13,000,000 pounds of old rope were fed to the giant vats which tore, cooked, washed and beat into a pulp the makings of 7,000,000 pounds of cable paper used by the Bell Telephone system last year.

## Queen Keeps Diary 50 Years.

Queen Alexandra, it is said, has kept a diary for nearly half a century. Her little books are each nine inches long by four wide, and bound in satin, which is painted with flowers.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

W. D. Hoagland



**Charles M. Cole,**  
**PHARMACIST,**  
302 THAMES STREET  
Two Doors North of Post Office  
NEWPORT, R. I.

**WATER**  
ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

**WHY**  
It is Good Policy to Allow

**Children to Shop.**  
The wise home manager who teaches the children to help with the marketing is giving them training which will be valuable all through life and is lightening her own steps with each new lesson in marketing.

Some of the things to be gained for the child are: the study of reliable brands, the value of a dollar, economy and thrift, business methods and a sympathy and interest in the things mother is doing. The first step in good marketing will be a study of brands, as the greater number of foods are now purchased in package or under brand name.

Knowledge of food brands is helpful to the busy housewife in many ways. It makes her more independent in marketing. Her requests for a certain proved brand are met with respect by her grocer, whether given personally or by the child. She is protected against the "just as good" products of unfamiliar names. And her family is saved disappointing food experiments.

Now that ready-to-serve foods play such an important part in the preparation of everyday meals, the home woman's eyes are opened to the importance of food labels. When she finds a nationally known brand of uniform high quality she buys every food she can under that one brand, knowing that substitutes are never as satisfactory.

The boys, as well as the girls, like to be "mother's helpers"; they are happy in establishing their own cash-and-carry system from the markets, applying their lessons in mathematics to the household accounts, studying ways to save mother's steps and becoming the purchasing agent for the home.

With the increasing popularity of the lunch box, the question of what to pack is assuming all the importance of the two meals eaten at home.

**IMPART COLOR TO THE NILE**

Why the Waters of Great River Are Green Has Only Recently Been Explained.

"Green sea" on the ocean and "green water" on the Nile have two quite different meanings. The clear, unbroken wave that sweeps over the deck has no relation to the unpleasant product of the upper part of the great river.

About April 15 the Nile begins its annual rise. A month later the effect is felt at Khartoum. A most curious phenomenon accompanies this increase in the appearance of "green water."

It used to be thought that the color came from the swamps of the Upper Nile, lying isolated and stagnant under the burning tropical sun, and polluting the waters with decaying vegetable matter. With the spring rise this fetid water was supposed to be swept into the streams to make its appearance in Egypt.

This theory was abandoned some time ago. The green water is caused by the presence of innumerable numbers of microscopic algae, offensive to the taste and smell. They have their origin way up in the tributaries, and are carried to the Nile, where under the hot sun and in the clear water they increase with amazing rapidity, forming columns from 250 miles to 500 miles long.

The weeds go on growing and dying and decaying until the turbid flood waters put them to an end, for they cannot exist save in clear water.

New York Herald.

**How to Attain Old Age.**

Refusal to worry is one of the secrets to a long and happy life, said Chester R. Woodford, of Axon, who is one hundred and seven years old, says a "Winsted" (Conn.) dispatch to the New York Tribune. He is the oldest living ex-member of the Connecticut house of representatives and belongs to a long-lived family. His mother lived to be ninety-seven years old and his grandmother to be one hundred and two.

Going to the Middle West in 1838 as a clock peddler, Mr. Woodford met Abraham Lincoln when the latter was a country lawyer in 1841. Mr. Woodford bought a farm of 100 acres at the foot of Talcott mountain and ever since has raised tobacco and dealt in dairy products.

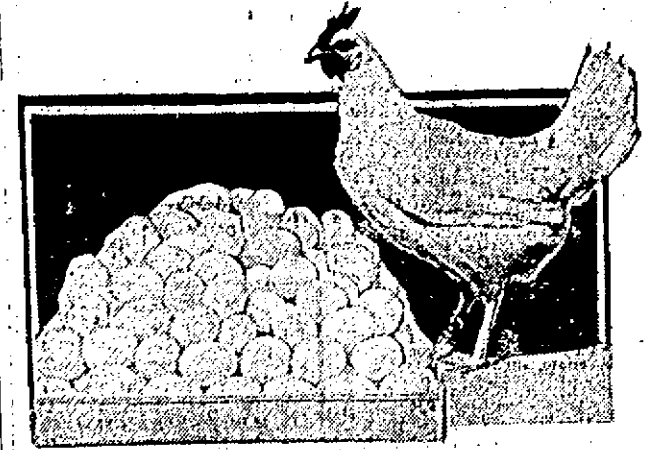
The longest pipes in an organ are the ones which produce the lowest pitches; and a closed tube doubles this length, since the vibrations must retrace their course to find an outlet.

**Jud Tunkins.**

Jud Tunkins says he doesn't miss the charm of the human voice in motion pictures because conversation is one of the things he wants to get a rest from.

**Hippopotamus Ivory.**  
Ivory obtained from the teeth of the hippopotamus was in much demand a century ago for making artificial teeth.

## HENS THAT DO NOT MOLT UNTIL LATE ARE BEST EGG PRODUCERS



The Best Layers of the Flock and Those That Should Be Kept for Breeders Do Not Molt Until November.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)  
Hens that devote too much attention early in the season to the fall styles in feathers are not the kind that please the flock owner. It costs too much to support them and they demand too long a vacation period. But the hen that wears her old clothes until autumn has almost passed is the best of the flock, for she has kept on laying since the previous fall or winter. So now when you see a bird that looks shabbier than the others, do not conclude that she is of the no-account kind and that her squawking dressed sisters are the ones to keep.

**Take Short Vacation.**  
Of course, some of the hens that molted earlier, say in August and September, are profitable enough to keep, but the cream of the flock is made up of hens that do not change their feathers until October or November. Their molting will require only a few weeks and they will probably be laying again by the 1st of January. The poor ones, the early-molting fowls, will not begin until about this time, even though they have been resting since the middle of the summer. It takes one about two months and the other twice that long to get back into production.

The poultry keeper who has an eye for business will not neglect this work-molting layer, for she is the best profit maker he has. She needs a highly nutritious ration if she is to be in the best condition to start on another year of high production. When she quits laying and starts to molt she has as much need for a ration strong in protein as she has when she is molting. The eggs, as feathers are highly nitrogenous in their makeup. They use the materials supplied by beef scrap, gluten feed, and oil meal. The oil meal is very effective in keeping the feathers in a healthy condition.

Hens that lay eggs late in the fall and in the winter are really producing an out-of-season crop, for it is normal for the hen to lay for a time in the spring, and early summer and rest for the remainder of the year. Profitable hens are really those that have the capacity to force their egg-making machinery, but they must have the right sort of feed with which to do it. That means feeding well-balanced rations designed for the particular class, and sometimes for the particular breed. A balanced ration is a combination of feeds which furnish just the necessary amount of nutrients to produce the highest and most economical egg yields. The amount of feed needed to produce a dozen eggs varies with the kind of birds. According to experiments conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture, general-purpose pullets produced a dozen eggs from 0.7 pounds of feed, and Leghorn pullets laid the same number from 4.8 pounds.

Simple mixtures are usually the most desirable. As the fall advances and the days grow shorter the birds should be encouraged to put away as much feed as possible during the day so that their bodies will have plenty to work on for all of the 24 hours. A good handful of scratch grain for each bird at night will fill the crop. It is not desirable that the hens be made to work very hard for this feed. Be sure that the hens go to roost with a full crop.

In making up rations it is necessary to adhere to standards within certain limits, but some feeds may be substituted for others, as barley, wheat, and oats for corn. However, meat scrap and other animal-protein feeds can not be replaced by high-vegetable-protein feeds. All changes should be made gradually, as sudden changes may decrease egg production.

A great many poultrymen and livestock feeders now believe that if the animal has a free choice it will select the ration that is most suitable. At the government farm at Beltsville, Md., the following mash was made up by keeping account of the amounts of the different feeds a laying flock consumed:

Samples of Balanced Rations.	
Mash.	Scratch Mixture.
15 lbs. corn meal	1 lb. cracked corn
1 lb. meat scrap	1 lb. wheat
1 lb. bran	1 lb. oats
1 lb. middlings	

Here is a simple ration that has given very good results with Leghorns, but that has proved too fattening for Rocks and Wyandottes. Meat scrap. It will be seen, makes up over 25 per cent of the mash.

Mash.		Scratch Mixture.	
1 lb. corn meal	2 lbs. cracked corn	1 lb. wheat	
1 lb. meat scrap	1 lb. oats	1 lb. barley	
1 lb. middlings			
1 lb. ground oats			

Poultrymen resort to every possible means to get their hens to eat a good one.

**Word Comes From the Norse.**  
The Norse word for bay was "wic," and this has survived in such place names as Greenwich. Now, in shallow bays salt would be formed by the evaporation of the water, and so a salt-making house was known as "wich house."

## DARKENED CELLAR IS URGED FOR POTATOES

Exposure to Light Quickly Injures Quality of Tuber.

Temperature Best Suited for Proper Preservation Is One Ranging From 32 to 45 Degrees—Large Piles Are Not Favored.

The object of storing any product is to preserve its quality during as long a period as may be necessary or possible in order to permit its disposal at the most advantageous time. Investigations by the bureau of plant industry, United States Department of Agriculture, show that the temperature best suited to the proper preservation of potatoes is one ranging from 32 to 45 degrees. In regions where the powdery dry rot occurs a temperature of 33 to 35 degrees holds the disease in check better than a higher one.

It is found best not to store potatoes in large piles when they are moist or covered with moist earth, as they quickly develop sufficient heat to injure the vitality of the tubers. If through unfavorable weather conditions it becomes necessary to store potatoes when they are wet and dirty, they should be spread out in a thin layer until they have become dry, after which they may be piled up. It is not desirable to store potatoes to a greater depth than six feet.

Potatoes intended for table use should always be stored in a darkened cellar or storage house. Exposure to light quickly injures the quality of the potato for food purposes.

## SMALL HOUSE FOR CHICKENS

New Lumber Will Make Best Appearance, but Packing Boxes Will Answer Purpose Well.

In building a poultry house, new lumber will of course make the best appearing structure and will also be somewhat easier to work up because it can be bought in lengths most advantageous for the purpose. Houses for a few hens can sometimes be constructed from packing boxes, while used material or second-hand lumber, if it can be purchased cheaply and is close at hand, will sometimes lower the cost of the house materially.

Occasionally, also, where a high board fence is available, the house can be built in the corner of the fence, thus saving the construction of the back and one side of the house. Care must be used to cover or batter the cracks, either by means of strips or by the use of roofing paper. Construct the building so that the front of four henhouses will admit the sunlight.

Send to the Division of Publications, United States Department of Agriculture, for bulletins containing plan and illustrations; Farmer's Bulletin 889 is a good one to have on hand.

## CEMENT FLOOR FOR FEEDING

Farmer Should Remember to Give Slope to One Side to Insure Necessary Drainage.

Farmers who build cement feeding floors should remember to give the floor a good slope to one side. This insures good drainage, facilitates cleaning and makes it possible for the feeding floor to completely fulfill its function of providing a clean place to feed hogs. Some farmers have so located these floors as to get a large amount of rainwater from roofs of nearby buildings, which flushes the floor after each rainstorm and helps materially to keep them clean and sanitary.

**One Pest Reproves Another.**  
A public library pest is the fellow who pencils his opinions on the margins of the magazines. Recently he wrote in one, opposite a statement he did not approve, "Darned idiot." This angered another reader, for he wrote underneath the epithet, "Blamed fool! This isn't an autograph album."

**Word Comes From the Norse.**  
The Norse word for bay was "wic," and this has survived in such place names as Greenwich. Now, in shallow bays salt would be formed by the evaporation of the water, and so a salt-making house was known as "wich house."

## GIRDLE ADDS TO MILADY'S FROCK

Embellishment Provides Excellent Means of Rejuvenating Last Year's Garment.

## TIN AND STEEL ORNAMENTS

Naillheads Are Used on Very Dressy Gowns—Bright Sheet Metal Plays Part in Decorating Women's Apparel.

The girdle shares with the sleeve the distinction of being the only strikingly new feature of this winter's clothes. Honors are about evenly divided between the two, according to a Paris fashion correspondent. Perhaps the sleeve has been more talked of than the girdle because the majority of the new girdles are so elaborate and so costly that the woman who is averse to plunging into heavy expenditure on clothing feels that she can exist without one of these girdles, whereas sleeves she must have.

But, as the season is still young, it is likely that less expensive copies of these costly affairs will be made and that these will be seen on the less exclusive frocks. At present all of the firms showing exclusive models are putting great stress on girdles. These are, without doubt, a very important part of the costume, and, although elaborate, they suggest many simpler ways of girdling dresses. The addition of a new girdle is an excellent means of rejuvenating a last year's frock.

It may safely be said that girdles never have been more important than they are in the present fashions. Paris dressmakers have united on this feature. Every dress and every suit carries some sort of girdle ornament or trimming or is worn with a belt, nearly every one of which is placed at a low waistline.

**Models of Ancient Inspiration.**  
As the new dresses are Renaissance in style, so also are the girdles. Many of them are developed in perforated metal, and the Paris dressmaker gets no less than \$50 for one of these nickel or steel girdles. The former are sometimes silver washed, all beautifully worked in perforated designs after the style of metal workers of that period.

One will recall that starting in about the seventh century the goldsmiths' trade began to develop in an interesting way and their work plays an important part in the art history of both France and Italy, culminating, as it were, in the elaborate bronze decorations of the Empire period.

A remarkable thing about the perforated metal girdles is that they are used on even the most dressy costumes. Lanvin uses them on white satin dresses, on dresses of colored velvet and on tailored suits. In the latter instance they are straight around the figure and of even width.

Those for evening dresses have the ornaments across the front shaped like breastplates. In fact, many of the ideas are taken from the armor of

part is placed across the front and naturally enlarges the waistline. Aided to Straight-Line, Silhouette. A padded belt is astonishing, especially with the thickest part across the stomach. It is, indeed, the hour of the curvilinear figure. In some of the Lanvin models one sees a double girdle in this padded style, through which the fullness of the skirt drapery is sometimes drawn in puff style a la Juliette.

Lanvin has many beautiful girdle effects, most of them taken from the Polish Renaissance styles. Some are



Another Type of Girdle of Metal Which Is Meeting With Favor in Paris.

padded, and novel in both their composition and adjustment. On both day and evening dresses Lanvin makes use of the apron effect and the most interesting of her new girdles are worked out in connection with the adjustment of the apron drapery.

In addition to pierced metal girdles many belts are made of scales or ribs of metal set together ingeniously to make the belt flexible. These are in steel, old silver and dull gold finish. Sometimes steel scales are combined with large cabochons of jet.

Every imaginable design is used for heavy beaded girdles both in color and in jet. These often finish with long fringed ornaments and tassels of beads and silk, the tassels ornaments often recalling Chinese effects.

**Tin and Steel Adorn New Clothes.**  
Leather ornaments with steel naillheads appear on the new girdles. Lanvin uses colored leathers studied with jet and steel naillheads on very dressy frocks, the girdles sometimes culminating in an ornament.

Another very interesting girdle effect introduced by Lanvin is obtained by the use of a thick girdle of fur which passes through a puff of silk and holds the apron drapery of an afternoon dress.

Many strange things have been done in the name of fashion, and almost every material incorporated in dress at one time or another. There have been clothes of paper and clothes of wood, but it remained for the designer of the present day to make wearing apparel from tin and steel. Tin is in high favor and has met with a ready acceptance, judging by the amount of it worn.

It was the Paris creators who first thought of using this metal. Many of this winter's French fashions show a trim in the form of large leaves with the metal finished to represent velvet. Sometimes a single leaf of this sort is used on a simple black plush hat. Maria Guy is one maker who favors such trimming.

**Resemble Old-Fashioned Stomachers.**  
Steel tringles are used profusely in the new girdles. Strings of glistening steel beads are formed into fringes. Fringes of jet beads are also used.

Some of these girdles are very closely related to the old-fashioned stomachers. They give the appearance of covered metal frames ornamented with all sorts of unusual embroidered or crocheted motifs, interesting tubings and cordings, jets and metals, strings of pearls and various beads.

Lanvin uses little shells, massed on frames to make girdles which are wide at the front and taper at either side. The shell idea is one she has also carried out in dress trimmings and it, therefore, may be said to be distinctly a Lanvin feature.

Gone are the days, when one paid any consideration to the size of one's waistline. It is a far cry from the days of the hourglass figure, snugly belted so as to appear as small as possible, to the present day corsetless figure wearing a girdle of fur or one consisting of great puff silk roses that are stuffed to make them appear even larger.

Premet is one French maker who uses fewer belt effects or girdles than any of the other houses, as so many of her models are draped in such a way as to form a figure-grilling outline.

**Another Version.**  
It isn't true that it takes nine tailors to make a man, but sometimes it takes half a dozen bill collectors to locate him.—Galveston News.

**Greatest Zinc Mine.**  
The greatest zinc mine in the world, located in Sussex county, New Jersey, has been worked almost continuously since Colonial days.

**Rabbits Have Odd Toes.**  
Rabbits have four toes on each of the hind feet and five on the others.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

## HOW

**WOMEN JUDGE CHARACTER OF THE MEN THEY MEET.**  
—It seems that most women can stand anything better than the unshaven look of the unshaven man. It is esthetic pain. For only a chosen few is there added physical discomfort—as for the little girl who used to wince when her grandfather rubbed his prickly cheek against hers—or for the long-suffering wife of the tonsorial tease.

A man doesn't need to be reminded that it's an important factor in his looks. Rubbing a tentative hand over his chin after supper previous to evening festivities, he queries, "Think I ought to shave 'fore I go to-night?" And friend wife invariably replies: "You'd look better if you did."

And, as a matter of fact, men are pretty responsive on the point, from the time when a boy fondly and vainly explores his complexion with a razor till he takes an elderly daily interest in sprucing up his beard. Would that he were as sensitive on the subject of haircuts. Many women feel strongly on this subject, and even go so far as to let a man stand or fall by the length of his locks. One girl was heard to declare emphatically that she would never marry a man who didn't keep his hair cut short in the neck.

A fastidious woman, however, judges a man's character by his hands—clean hands.

Now, a man need be no Beau Brummel to come up to these standards of grooming rather than beauty, for which many women care little in a man. "I do like a homely man," you'll hear plenty of girls declare; and others in fact insist on it in a husband. "I hate to marry too handsome a husband," they say, "he's likely to be spoiled because he gets flattered so much."

Neither do women want a man to be slabby about his appearance. But women, the world over, admire a man who is well groomed.

Do men prize that admiration and therefore live up to it, or would they indeed be just as well shaven and shorn in a Crusoe island world?—Rhoda Vale in the Designer.

## MUCH GOOD IN BRISK WALK

Why Pedestrianism Should Not Be Allowed to Become a "Lost Art" Is Apparent.

The spectacle of a man walking to work in London is classed almost a phenomenon by the London Chronicle, which declares with the underground, the tramcars, the motor-ambulances, and the suburban trains, Londoners have almost been deprived of the use of their legs as long distance instruments of movement.

One man was found by the paper, however, who thinks it is time for a revolt against the neglect of the human leg as a means of locomotion, and advocated the formation of "walking clubs" to revive the lost art of pedestrianism.

"He argues that walking is a natural human habit, not a penal device," says the paper, "that it promotes the circulation of the blood, and therefore prevents cold feet and chilblains; that it aids digestion, and thus tends to make the human being less bad tempered; that it prevents the increase of 'adipose tissue,' and so enables a man to wear his suit longer, instead of having to put it aside because the buttons no longer reach the buttonholes; and that it saves money in fares, although there may be a slight increase in the bill for shoe repairs."

**Why Milk Is Good for Shoes.**  
Boots and shoes, like their wearers, get tired and need a tonic. Leather subjected to sudden atmospheric changes wears out rapidly. During winter the leather and stitching of a good pair of boots could support a weight of about 1,000 pounds to the inch, without ill effects. In hot, dusty, summer weather, however, the pores of the leather and the stitching, being parched and dry, the flint-like particles of dust eat their way into the leather, cutting it in all directions. One of the best methods of preserving footwear in dry weather is the use of fresh milk. As the milk is rich in natural grease, the pores and interstices of the leather are fed and nursed back to a normal life. By increasing the pliancy of the leather, dust will not penetrate. Instead, it is kept on the outside, where it can be easily wiped off.

**Why Collector Gave Up.**  
Joseph Lewis French, author and sonneteer, says that for 40 years he has had the notion of compiling an anthology of the hundred worst poems ever published. Again and again he has started on the work, but inevitably he grows discouraged, because he always finds another poem so far worse than anything imaginable, that he hesitates to seek out the worst bad verses in their retreats. Now, he asks, can he be certain he has found the hundred worst? Mr. French says that a highly cultivated taste for literature and the acutest judgment of prosody are required to appreciate properly the worst in poetry.—New York Evening Post.

**French Peasants Good Pay.**  
The French peasant, steadily going, thrifty and frugal, and far more inclined to do without than to buy beyond his means, almost without exception pays his debts reliably and promptly. High collection costs form no part of a dealer's worries in France.



